JOHN BULL, APRIL 9, 1932

LAST FEW DAYS TO WIN £4,750! SEE PAGES 38 and 39

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1347.

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SEVERAL Cycle offers appear in this issue. Free Catalogues and literature can be obtained from SELFRIDGE'S (p. 33), HERCULES (p. 16), ROYAL ENFIELD (p. 30), ROBEY (p. 28), GRAVES (p. 37). Mention *John Bull* when writing to these firms.

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A SAMPLE of Nostroline for catarrh is offered on page 36.

A FREE sample of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges for Acidity and Indigestion is offered in the Savory and Moore advt. on page 38.

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WOULD you like a sample of COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream? Simply send a p.c. to the address in the advt. on page 31 and mention *John Bull* when writing.

FILL in the coupon in the B.D.V. advt. on page 18 and receive a copy of the new amazing All-British Gift Book, showing in colour 275 treble-value gifts. The Rosewood Camera offered in the advt. can be got for only 200 coupons from B.D.V. cigarettes, and less from B.D.V. Tobacco.

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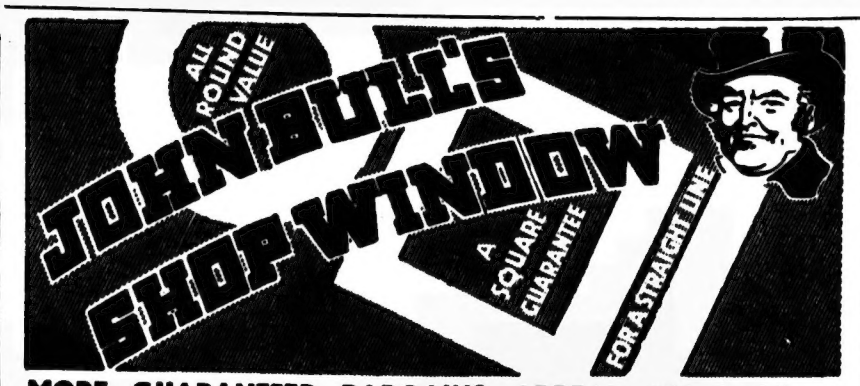
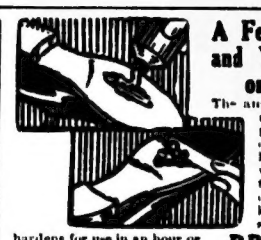


MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 10



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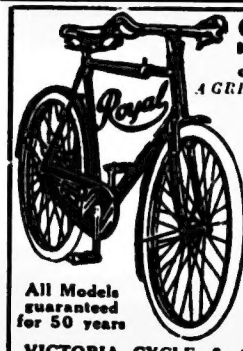

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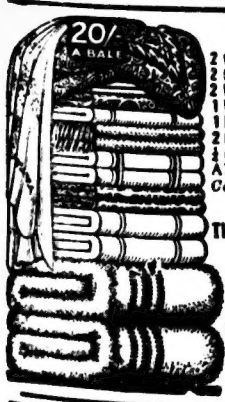

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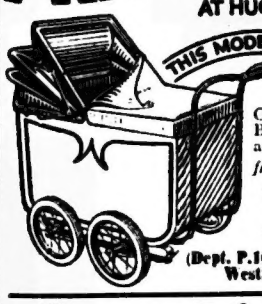

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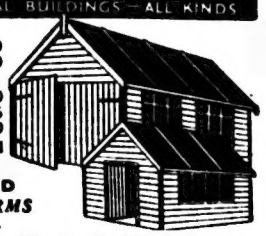

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Without Fear or Favour

The public never sees the game which means disaster to many a famous club

FOOTBALL'S *Unseen Assassins*

IN a few weeks the football season will end, and relegation to a lower division will be the lot of some of the oldest and most famous teams in the kingdom.

Which teams will they be?

That is a question which affects the destiny of at least a dozen well-known clubs that are in dire peril at the moment. It is an even more important question of the hour than the result of the Cup Final itself.

One thing is certain—unless a very dramatic and drastic change comes over the game, at least one or more of the humiliated clubs will be paying the penalty not of bad football, but of failure at a game that the public never sees or hears about.

They will have failed at a game that really begins when the final whistle has sounded. Internationals and dazzling £10,000 players may be of no account in 't, but directors, managers and trainers play important parts.

What is this game behind the game that suddenly makes brilliant elevens mediocre, brings promising teams tumbling from the top of the table to the bottom, makes players bought for thousands of pounds not worth the same number of pennies, and provides the sporting public with a riddle of form that they know exists but are never able to solve?

What is it?

It is being played at this moment behind the scenes in the board or club rooms of many of the leading clubs of this country.

Sometimes it is Board versus Players. Sometimes it is Manager versus Players. Or the Trainer may lead a side. Or it might even be Players versus Players or Players versus Crowd.

Whatever it is, it is having more to do with the destiny of certain leading clubs than the games the public are paying to see, and will probably settle, in more cases than one, the problem of which teams shall "go down."

And they call this football!

Perhaps the most inexplicable failure of the season is that of Leicester City—a team responsible for some of the finest flashes of football brilliance this winter and yet which had to struggle for First Division existence.

Think of them early in the season, when they were making a strong bid for leadership of the First Division. They routed West Ham by four goals to one, on West Ham's own ground, with such superlative ease that several critics described them as the team of the year.

They defeated the two semi-finalists for the F.A. Cup, Manchester City and Chelsea, beating them 4—0 and 1—0 respectively in successive matches.

Then they went to bits—not gradually, but suddenly.

Lost heart

THEY lost two successive games by 9—2 and 6—0, fifteen goals down in two matches for a team that the whole country had been watching. And continuing in the same dismal way, they sank lower and lower in the table.

Loss of form?

It was impossible to see them play without realising that a fine team had lost heart.

Another First Division eleven that found itself in danger was Sunderland. If they go down it will be for the first time in their history—and they don't deserve such a fate.

There have been many results this winter proving beyond doubt that they are a clever side who should be well away from the bottom. No one can accuse them of not trying, but they always give the impression that they are fighting something more than the eleven men who oppose them.

And so they are. There is a ghostly team that is giving support to Sunderland's opponents, and it is for directors to find out what it is.

But perhaps the best instance of all of how a team can suffer from other things than bad play is provided by Leeds, which is almost sure of promotion to the First Division.

Leeds began the season with ill-feeling existing between players and crowd. This seemed to hold back every foot that was faced with an open goal, spoiled every aim, took that invaluable last ounce out of every player.

Strange paradox

AT home, among their own people, they could do nothing. Of their first three home matches they lost two and drew one; Millwall, who can now just manage to hold their own, and Barnsley, who are now struggling for their existence in the division, being their conquerors.

But away from home . . .

Of their first ten away matches they won eight and drew two—not a single match lost of ten when their own supporters were not looking.

But a Leeds crowd is a sporting crowd, and such a misunderstanding could not last for long. That is why team and supporters should soon be joining in mutual rejoicing to celebrate promotion to the First Division.

It is common knowledge that there is no harmony of working at all between two famous internationals belonging to another famous club.

They are both brilliant players, but they have not tried to give each other any help on the field for months, and off the field they are not even on speaking terms. Fine fellows both, but they cannot hit it together.

"Pass to him! Pass to him" yells the crowd, but a quick flash of recognition travels between the two, and the pass is not made.

Behind the scenes . . .

YET another prominent First Division team is suffering because of the peevishness of one player only, an English international who cannot find it in his heart to forgive his club for dropping him for a few weeks.

He was soon back in the team, but not as his old self. It was soon obvious that he had lost heart and all enthusiasm for the success of his side.

To-day he is a loss to his team of thousands of pounds in player-value—and of many valuable points.

The game has ceased to be the thing in many cases. Another game is in progress, and is losing cups and League honours for teams that deserve much more than they achieve.

And as one seed of dissension sown in a team, or behind the scenes, can be worse for a club than the loss of fifty goals, the sooner this state of affairs is remedied the better.

Football is the game, and the public is not the slightest bit interested in the petty jealousies and hates and ambitions that burn off the playing pitch. Let the players, the directors and the trainers get on with it!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER..

Grave Charges Against Government Officials

DRASTIC changes are imminent in the administration of at least three Government departments following the discovery that organised thefts of State property have been carried out on a widespread scale.

Enquiries are already being pursued by higher Government officials in conjunction with Scotland Yard—the three departments involved being the General Post Office, the Ministry of Health, and Somerset House itself!

The magnitude of the scandal will be apparent when we say that the offences could not possibly have been committed under proper administration and that several responsible officials will be involved

The fullest investigation is essential and the public must not be kept in the dark.

We're winning through

So Britain has converted a deficit of over £70,000,000 into a Budget surplus in six months. But with what a struggle!

We have paid 15 months' income-tax and surtax in 12 months, social services have been cut to the bone, wages have fallen all round.

As usual, we have grumbled but paid our way.

Feeling the pinch

Little relief can be expected in the coming year, and Mr. Chamberlain's Budget problem will be a difficult one.

He will get less income-tax, death duties will probably continue to fall, brewers and other industrial companies will pay less owing to the bad year.

And he dare not add to the already terrific burden of taxation. How will he make ends meet?

All the truth?

By 1938 we should know all that is worth knowing about the war. In that year, it is calculated, our official war historians will have finished their task.

Since they have already revealed so many tragic secrets, they ought to be allowed to produce just one more volume, giving their private views on the bungling by military leaders and politicians during the great upheaval.

Aliens first

We are not surprised that questions have again been asked in Parliament about the employment of Oriental seamen on British ships.

Even on the Atlantic and North Sea services Japanese and Chinese are doing work that our own seamen should do.

Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, should use his influence with the offending shipowners.

Fraud unchecked

We are glad to know that at least one M.P.—Mr Rhys Davies—isn't satisfied with the watch kept on fraudulent company promoters.

He intends to ask Mr. Runciman how many millions of pounds have been lost by shareholders since the war, and will suggest that more prosecutions are made in future.

We agree. Our readers know that JOHN BULL is constantly exposing shady financiers who should be put behind prison bars.

Making unemployment

Another example of taxation defeating its own ends is the fact that two-thirds of the distilleries busy last year will be idle this season, while half the total number of barrel-makers are unemployed and the rest are on short time.

So the Chancellor of the Exchequer is being told that if he wants to keep revenue up he should reduce the whisky tax.

Mr. Baldwin's loyalty

The Tory rebels who want to get rid of the Premier hope soon to have a chance.

It has been Mr. Baldwin's staunch loyalty to Mr. MacDonald that has stood in their way during the last few months. But many of his followers, including even Cabinet Ministers, have very different feelings. They want Mr. Chamberlain at the helm.

Mr. Baldwin is going to Ottawa for the Imperial Conference. What will happen while he's away?

A Teaser for the Chancellor

Bookies Asking for Trouble

What will happen when Mr. Baldwin goes away?

"Rookies"

Bookmakers in Tattersall's and the "silver" rings at racecourses have secretly been under observation by the racing authorities.

There have been complaints that layers, until the moment before the start of a race, have been offering very low odds compared with the official starting price.

They apparently forget that the higher circles in racing are waiting for evidence to justify a totalisator monopoly of betting.

Can you beat it?

The mentality of some Ministry of Labour officials is beyond comprehension.

Because an unemployed Birmingham man kept fowls and gave a testimonial to a well-known poultry food, he was asked by the local Employment Exchange if he had received money for the testimonial!

Despite his indignant denial, his benefit has been reduced by some shillings a week.

Poison pen again

Who is the blackguard responsible for the reign of terror in the Northumberland village of Horncliffe?

The inhabitants are receiving scurrilous anonymous letters; one has even been sent to the county police, whose investigations have proved fruitless. Other villages in the Border district are being terrorised in the same way.

Let's hope the activities of the writer are soon checked by a long spell in jail.

Royal palace to go?

Kensington Palace may cease to be a royal residence soon.

At present it is mainly occupied by the King's aunts, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll and Princess Beatrice, but when these ladies give up their apartments it is possible that the palace will become the new home of the London Museum.

Fire perils

The fire brigade system needs drastic overhauling.

Heath fires were left to burn unchecked near Wimborne, Dorset, since the local brigade will not turn out unless property owners affected accept responsibility for claims.

Bournemouth Fire Brigade recently attended a large heath fire, but went home on finding the fire outside their territory and left the fire-beaters to work all night.

Whitehall's meanness

There is no limit, it seems, to the shabby treatment of ex-Service men by the Ministry of Pensions.

Pensioners are being refused new surgical boots when their old ones wear out. Our pensions expert advises them to buy ordinary boots and send them to the Ministry for adjustment.

Joke!

Old-age pensioners are treated just as badly. A very poor Cardiff man has had his weekly pittance stopped because it has been discovered that, though eligible under the original Act, he is outside the scope of the 1925 Act.

Now he is asked to return the pension already paid—over £120—and an envelope has been sent "for the cheque."

He deserves it

Two months' hard labour isn't too much for a rogue like Gwilym Roberts, a Pontllanfraith (Mon.) miner, sentenced for stealing the wages of a fellow-worker.

Drawing his own and the other man's wages, he went to London and returned only when penniless.

Very close shave!

We admire the Blackburn man, Mr. A. O'Brien, who shaved a customer in exactly half a minute. He claims that only fourteen movements of the razor are needed.

We tried this with our best safety razor, but soon ran short of sticking plaster.

Heart of oak

Despite the pleadings of two doctors, a sixty-four-year-old Clitheroe man, Mr. Albert Hargreaves, refused to go to hospital with a broken thigh until after his daughter's marriage.

Obstinacy is usually just stupid—but we like stubborn courage.

The ramp goes on

A big firm of Cardiff grocers has opened five shops to supply fish at reasonable prices. But they have great difficulty in getting supplies owing to the boycott of a ring of wholesalers.

Time after time we have exposed such dear-food scandals. The Food Council has no power to act, and, it seems, the Government doesn't care if the public is fleeced.

We admire her

A ten-year-old girl named Martin, left in charge of four smaller children at her home in Hulme, Manchester, showed splendid pluck when fire broke out in the kitchen.

Snatching up the baby and ordering the others to follow her, she marched them safely out of the house.

Her mother must be proud of her.

Your health, sir!

Here is a record that will take some beating.

Mr. Joseph Heskett, of Harrington, Cumberland, has not lost a single day's work through sickness in the sixty-three years he has spent in coal mines and is still in excellent health.

Long may it continue!

Going up in smoke

Britons are smoking more. We consume nearly 30,000 million cigarettes a year, according to a Government expert—and the demand is steadily increasing.

In fact, we smoked 48,000,000 pounds of cigarettes more in 1930 than in 1924, and pipe tobacco showed a similar rise.

No wonder the tobacco industry is prosperous!

Turned down

We are not surprised that the L.M.S. Railway has declined to withdraw advertisements for intoxicants from its tickets, as the Good Templars wanted, but has offered to see that they don't appear on tickets for Sunday School and Band of Hope outings.

After all, the Good Templars were a little intemperate in their demand.

Still at it

A person to avoid is P. N. Sanda, who is sending circulars from an accommodation address at 14, Cursitor Street, London, E.C., offering to supply a booklet called "How to Apply for a Position" for five shillings.

Clients complain that though they have sent the money they have not received the book.

This isn't surprising, for Sanda has already been denounced in JOHN BULL as a fee-snatcher.

A dangerous prank

Three Preston boys set out on a picnic; one of them annoyed his comrades by crying that he had fallen into the river.

After several false alarms the two lads ignored a genuine cry of distress, and when at last they returned to the river the boy was drowning. His brother died also in an attempt to save him.

Parents should warn children against this stupid sort of joke.

More light wanted

One arc lamp is worth ten policemen, said George R. Sims.

If local authorities heeded this advice it would not be necessary to enrol special constables for night duty in London suburbs.

There are hundreds of badly-lit streets in London and other cities, to the great advantage of burglars and the scoundrels who molest women.

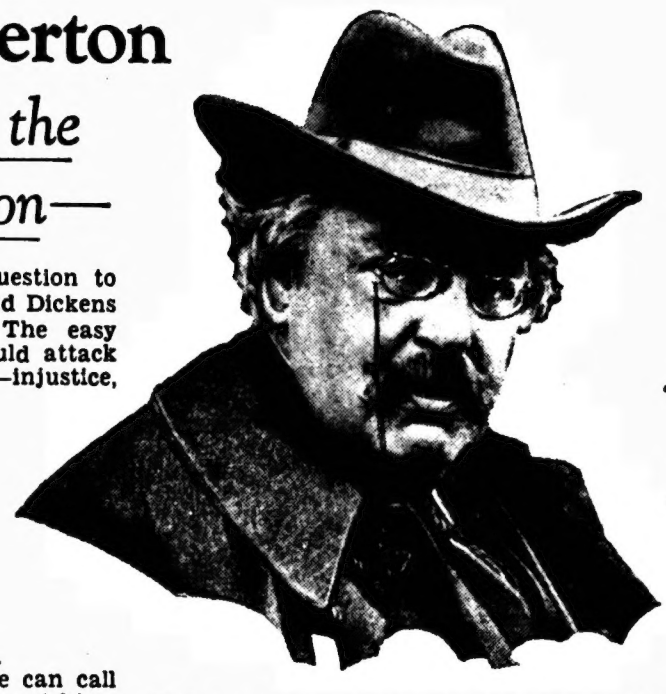
Good for (big) business

Are big 'bus companies being favoured by the Traffic Commissioners?

On the same day that a renewal of licence for a service between Leeds and Morley was refused to a small proprietor, a large transport firm was allowed to begin a service on the same route. Now this firm has taken over a rival service.

Perhaps the Commissioners are in favour of monopolies.

G. K. Chesterton *answers the question—*



What DICKENS *would* Fight For TO-DAY

YOU have set me a difficult question to answer by asking what would Dickens have fought for to-day. The easy thing is to say that he would attack now what he attacked then—injustice, tyranny, hypocrisy, cruelty, spiritual pride.

But that would not be a good answer. Dickens thought in terms either of obnoxious persons—he understood persons far better than institutions—or of particular abuses.

I think the true answer is that to-day he would not be always, or even often, attacking.

He would be continually defending.

We must remember that, while we can call to mind at once a number of wrongs he set himself to right—many of them he succeeded in righting—his attitude to the world in general was one of joyous and even riotous acceptance.

He saw enormous abuses around him. He saw those abuses clearly, because they bulked against a sane, simple background—the jolly Christian life of the common people of England.

Oppressed the English people had been by every new fashion, but their traditional life had gone on.

And *now* it is menaced.

So I have no doubt that to-day Dickens would devote himself to the defence, the desperate defence, of that jolly Christian life which the typical modern reformer is so eager to destroy.

Corrupt politics

BUT let us consider what things he might still attack.

It is probable he would attack the corruption of Party politics. He satirised the Parties of his time mainly for being ineffectual, for being family affairs, for securing the election of candidates by open bribery.

"A people there are, no doubt" (he says in "Bleak House")—"a certain large number of supernumeraries, who are to be relied upon for shouts and choruses, as on the theatrical stage; but Boodle and Buffy, their followers and families, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, are the born first-actors, managers and leaders, and no others can appear upon the scene for ever and ever."

How innocent this seems, and how innocent Eatanswill seems, compared with the sale of honours, the sale of policy!

But it will be a mistake to fancy that Dickens's indignation at this would be heightened by his discovery that Parliamentary government has been reduced to a tragic absurdity.

Already in his day he saw that it was absurd, and, although a Liberal, he did not hope that it would ever become much more reasonable.

In one of his letters he confessed his conviction that in England representative government had proved a failure.

Well, that failure is now plain to everybody.

I think he would revise his opinion of Sir Leicester Dedlock. While it is untrue that Dickens could not draw an aristocrat—take, for instance, Cousin Feenix and Mr. Twemlow—I think it is true to say he did not understand aristocracy.

He thought in terms of persons, and as a Radical his sympathies were rather with Mr. Rouncewell, the manufacturer, than with Sir Leicester.

He knew very little of the feel of country life, for he was essentially a townsman—the formative period of his boyhood was spent down at Chatham. He knew so little about the country that in the sorrowful journey of Little Nell the moon rises twice in one night.

Yet I think he could not fail to see that the utter defeat of Sir Leicester and the destruction of the country life which he stood for has not been to our advantage. It is plain—from his treatment of Gradgrind—that he would not approve of the Plutocracy that has risen to power instead.

Gradgrind is modern Plutocracy at its best, for he was well-meaning—a well-meaning despot ruthlessly grinding and shaping the souls of men and children.

But I do not know what Dickens would have to say of the anonymous impersonal Plutocracy which now surrounds and stifles us. Perhaps, though, he would find his way through all that fog until he reached Lord Sugar-Sand, let us say, the head of the United-Universal-Groceries, Limited, who, as we all know, has just acquired Sir Leicester Dedlock's old residence, Chesney Wold.

Judges who meddle

DICKENS attacked the law's delays, and some of those abuses have been remedied. But there is something much more dreadful happening in our courts to-day.

Mr. Justice Stanwell was a bit of a fool, but his law was sound, and he did not go outside the law. What would Dickens have thought of him if he had said: "Mrs. Bardell, marriage is a superstition"?

Yet some of our judges have made statements, many statements as impertinent, as damnable as that.

I don't know what Dickens would have said about our schools, unless it would be to point out that the true problem is that nobody seems to know anything about the psychology of children.

It is not realised that normal children like to have somebody in authority, and are unhappy if they have not a sense of solidity, a definite background. Of course they like breaking rules; but they hate having no rules to break.

When we recall his disgust at the sporadic violence of American citizens, we shall be sure that to-day he would be appalled by the resurgence of ferocity and lawlessness in the United States.

The free-shooting of the poor gentry of the South as a concession to family sentiment would seem to him innocent compared with the organised mass-assassinations of Incorporated Gunmen, Ltd. He would seek a reason for this hellish business, and I think he would find it.

Challenge to Pussyfoot

HE would find that Stiggins has gone, but that a far worse fellow has taken his place.

Stiggins was a reverend gentleman, a fanatic, who urged sinners to join his Brick Lane Ebenezer because strong drink was bad for the soul.

But the teetotaler of to-day, the Pussyfoot, urges Government to prevent us from drinking, because strong drink is unhygienic. Yes, Dickens would attack him.

You will see by now that the enemy is so much stronger to-day—the enemy of all that Dickens stood for—that, instead of attacking, he would be on the defence.

He would defend Sir Leicester Dedlock against Lord Sugar-Sand. He would defend the right of English people to drink freely in taverns and to be jolly there. Yes, he would take the attack on that right by the Prohibitionist as typical of the new despotism, which is so much more monstrous than any wrongs that he sought to right.

He would defend the home; he would find that liberty is being attacked in her citadel. He would resist all the insolent invasions of the home and the floutings of parental authority by public officials which grow with what they feed on.

He fought for liberty, and so to-day he would fight for the small shopkeeper, the small craftsman, the small farmer.

Little man's friend

HE would see slaves all round him, and he would see Lord Sugar-Sand, and Lord Phosphates, and Lord Ironclad, and the rest of them striving to wipe out the little owners who still survived.

He would defend those little men. He would, I think, find peculiar joy in defending the street market and the fair.

Everywhere he would see the traditional life of England, of Christendom, threatened. And so he, the Radical, would be to-day—though not at all in the political sense of the word—a Conservative.

That does not mean that he would be milder than he was.

On the contrary, a difficulty I have in picturing him as a contemporary is that, with all those things at hazard which made life jolly, there might be little in him to remind us of our jolliest novel-writer.

However, he was a Christian, and knew how much in this world must be at hazard. And was a soldier, and would enjoy the fight—whatever he fought for to-day.

Dickens would still fight for liberty—the right of the individual to find happiness in his own way, unmolested and Grundy-free

On PROBATION . . .

by **Gertrude Tuckwell,**

ex-President of the National Association of Probation Officers, and the first woman magistrate

" . . . and I now order you to be placed on probation for one year."

THOSE are the vital words of the magistrate which open a new door for thousands of young folk who find themselves in peril before they are old enough to realise their danger.

Justice always used to be presented to us as a blind goddess, neither seeing what she weighs nor knowing whom she strikes.

Alexander Paterson, one of our Prison Commissioners, tells of a child of eight who was convicted of petty theft, sent to Parkhurst, and later transported. Happily, those days are past, and public opinion will never allow them to return.

The magistrate of to-day no longer metes out punishment as if it were a tariff: so much for a small offence, so much more for a bigger offence.

Children's charter

He delivers judgment on a charge with even stricter impartiality to the rights of the complainants than ever our courts did before; but once the charge is proved, Justice now unbinds her eyes and looks before she strikes, lest unhappily she should strike one whom the world has stricken already.

The Children Bill now before Parliament will raise the age for jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court to seventeen years.

That means that no young offender under that age will now be punished thoughtlessly or brutally, but that the most careful enquiry will be carried out for the court, to ensure that the young offender will be treated by the best possible methods of kindly discipline.

How far-reaching may be this new work of Justice and what scope it offers for the woman magistrate!

Friendly miracles

Friendship! That is the keystone of this new conception.

For the magistrate will never be able to get the real facts of the young offender's life until they can be seen and heard through the eyes and ears of a friend; so each Juvenile Court must have its trained probation officer to collect for the magistrate the facts of the problems which enmesh the life of the offender.

What miracles can be wrought in these young lives when once the offender begins to respond to the influence of this skilled friend!

As soon as a case is finished in court she (for many probation officers in the Juvenile Courts are women) approaches the mother, or whoever is in charge of the offender, and takes both of them away for a chat.

This is the first step towards building the friendship which it is hoped will develop later.

A little chat

Generally this first talk is about the family, and in it the probation officer tries to discover what she can of the woman's circumstances—whether she goes out to work and when would be a convenient time to see her. Then before they part the probation officer arranges to "come along and have a little chat."

The attitude of the officer towards both the delinquent and parents is "Well now, it's a pity you've got into this trouble. Can't we do something between us so that it won't happen again?"

The visiting is not done by appointment. The officer just drops in and sits with the mother in the kitchen while she does the ironing, or has a cup of tea with the family if it happens to be tea-time.

Father's gesture

These informal visits are the backbone of the probation officer's work. She gets to know the parents and their way of looking at things. She gets an insight into the background of the offender's life and generally manages to find out the real cause of his or her misconduct.

The mothers must, of course, be won over to co-operation, but no probation officer is satisfied until she has won the father over, too. When he begins to call her "Ma" she knows she has been accepted as one of the family and that she will in future be looked upon as a family counsellor in times of trouble.

One of our oldest officers in London has a whole family that comes to see her regularly. The eldest boy was put on probation to her years ago, and since then all six of the children have come to see her in turn of their own free will.

"The officer just drops in and sits with the mother while she does the ironing . . ."

One of them!

Even the baby, who is only three, is brought along. "You go and see the lady," his mother tells him, "and she'll make you a good boy."

Isn't it wonderful to know that one can be regarded as the complete friend and guide of a whole family?

One of our probation officers, who is doing wonderful work, has her bedroom on the ground floor and leaves her window open so that the girls can come and tap at her window if they want help.

"I want them to feel," she told me once, "that I am available any hour of the day or night, and many a night the sofa in my sitting-room has been occupied."

The haven

An important feature of the work is the room which every officer has away from the court. The room is as friendly and homely as possible. There is nothing to suggest the "long arm of the law" about it.

The furniture is simple so that poor people will feel at home with it, and the walls are often decorated with gaily-coloured posters. There are always a few flowers about and a few books.

The little libraries are of the greatest value. The officer always encourages reading because it is a pleasure that can be enjoyed at home without disturbing anyone else. A little brass plate, bearing nothing but the officer's name, is all that appears on the door, and a uniform is never worn.

The stories I could tell of the "fresh start" given to young offenders through their being put on probation are legion. And the good work does not end there—the influence is often reflected in the home and even in the parents.

I remember that when I first became a magistrate a small boy was charged with theft, and I was much impressed by a distressed girl of fifteen who appeared with him at the court.

She was his sister. Their mother was dead and this girl was looking after a large family, of whom the diminutive culprit was the youngest.

With tears in her eyes she assured us she would look after him in future. And how truthfully she kept her word!

Ever since then she and I have been the best of friends. She is married now and has a baby of her own.

The brother she so wonderfully mothered is now grown up and is doing well.

He's a good 'un, this little chap . . .

An instance of a different kind, which illustrates the case that is emphatically not suitable for probation, is that of little John.

John had been "known to the police" for some time. His mother was dead and his father neglected him. Then one day, when he was eight years old, he was "found wandering." The police were very glad of this chance, because it meant something could be done to make his life more ordered and happier.

When he was brought to the court the magistrates decided that the little chap would be better off in an industrial

(Continued on next page)

FALL IN—*and win £4,750!*

Last week you read of an ex-Sergeant-Major who won £1,250 in our Crossword Competition No. 156.

Now comes the news that the *Bullet* which has just won £1,250 in Competition No. 841 was entered (in his wife's name) by Lance-Corporal Denham, 19, Green Lane, Copnor, Portsmouth.

Soon we shall be flashing the news of a £4,750 prize to somebody who enters for the record *Bullets* contest finally announced on page 39. Should you prefer a Life Pension of £6 a week with £1,500 cash, you can choose this as your reward for a few well-chosen words.

The bugle is sounding the closing date—Saturday, April 16. Don't miss the last post with your entry if you want promotion to the front rank of big *Bullets* winners!

The Door through which Thousands of Boys and Girls Escape from Disaster

. . . and the "Probation Lady" tells him what happened to a bad little boy . . .

school. He was sent to one, and during his time there I went to visit him.

He was happy, but I remember one of the things that struck me was the clumsy boots he had to wear. (How I would like to see some of these schools less institutionalised!) He was very fond of music, and when the time came for him to leave the school he joined the Army as a bandsman.

Once he came and stayed with me for a couple of days. He is nineteen now and running straight — a striking example of how the court can save a child from a life of hardship and sordidness.

"Going into the homes of the poor, as we do, and seeing how they live—the squalor, the hopeless poverty, the lack of all privacy—makes one wonder, not that there is so much breaking of the law by the children, but that there is so little," said a probation officer to me recently.

"These people live in a different world. Their standards, particularly with regard to money, are so completely different from anything we are accustomed to. There is no future for them, only a terrible present, and they clutch frantically at anything which promises to brighten it even for a moment.

"For instance, speaking from my own experience, and it is fairly extensive, I should say that in 90 per cent. of the homes I go into the whole family somehow find the money to go to the pictures at least twice a week.

"You and I would say we could not afford it. But when I remember that in the picture theatre they get the one little bit of comfort they ever know, I cannot find it in my heart to judge them."

Probation lasts generally for a year. After that the probation officer need not visit a young offender again.

When they are saying good-bye the officer usually says: "Now that your probation is over I'm not coming after you any more. But I hope you'll often come round to see me and tell me how you are getting on."

Many of these young offenders do keep in touch with the officer for years afterwards, and the good record of most of them is the greatest encouragement we have.

Though the courts have to deal with many sad cases, some of them have happy endings. I recall the case of a young girl who was put on probation. I shall call her Dolly, though that, of course, was not her real name.

She, poor child, had a very unhappy childhood. Her mother was a teacher, and Dolly had been put in a home when she was very young. She had never known a mother's care. When she left the home she was put out to domestic service, but she did not like the life and ran away to London.

Runaway's return

It was at this time that the probation officer first got to know her. She was then only fifteen years old, and, as she had no training and had to support herself, the officer persuaded her to go back to domestic work and found her a job in a hospital in the country.

But after a few months she ran away to London again and took a room. The first the officer knew of it was when Dolly walked in one morning to tell her what she had done. The girl failed to find work, and the next thing the officer heard of her was that she had been arrested for breaking a window.

The officer got back for her the old job at the hospital, and this time Dolly met there her present husband. Now she is a happy mother with a home and family that any woman might be proud to have.

How does the probation officer work such wonders? Well, undoubtedly the chief thing in dealing with young offenders is kindly discipline, for there should be firmness at the right time. It is a very good mental and moral tonic.

The children are the citizens of to-morrow, and if we can prevent them drifting into a life of crime there is every hope of making them useful and respectable members of society.

One thing is certain. No magistrate can hope to find the best solution to an individual problem of misdemeanour without the assistance of the probation officer who goes into the young offender's home and gleans much more information than comes out in court.

We need more

Yet, in the 1,028 petty sessional courts in England and Wales, there are to-day still only 286 full-time officers. The remaining 502 are part-time officials, receiving totally inadequate pay and consequently compelled to resort to some other means of livelihood.

Moreover, 468 courts in the country are still without women officers, although 130 of these serve areas with populations of between 20,000 and 160,000.

The more's the pity, for, as I hope I have shown beyond question, every court should have its probation officer.

The Human Machine

Are You Grown Up?

EVERY man cherishes a private little dream of the day when he will, if his plans have gone well, have reached days of security and leisure, when he will be able to retire and indulge all those tastes and interests that have largely had to go by the board during the daily fight to earn a living.

Not a few have reached what they fondly imagined would be a haven of idyllic peace, only to find that they were like fish out of water; for so many people discover, when it comes to the point, that they have very little in the way of occupation or interests to retire to. They have never realised that leisure, like anything else in life worth having, cannot be had for nothing. More lives have been broken on that delusion than any other.

Yet we don't even mature automatically. If we wish to reach full adult stature, mentally as well as physically, we must plan and think and prepare.

The majority of people never do mature; they just age. They fail to mature because they allow no place in their lives for interests outside their work. They make a sad mess of their growing up because they are always too busy to play. Yet when was work an end in itself?

If work is the capital of life, leisure is the dividend that invested capital may be expected to pay; and he is a wise man who learns in time how to spend that dividend; for many a man who is efficient at his desk is lost when driven back on his own resources.

To prepare wisely for the future means more than merely to accumulate material wealth. It means as well the development of hobbies and interests and activities that can maintain mental health if and when the driving-force of work is ever taken away.

Homely Wisdom
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

GOD'S ENGLAND

IN the summer of 1921 I happened to be journeying by train from San Francisco to Los Angeles by the desert route. The scene was a grand one, a combination of mountain and canyon, boulder-strewn valleys and flower-covered slopes, brilliant with colour, and the bluest of skies over-arching all.

A Roman Catholic priest started to talk to me. "You are English, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Then I reckon you don't see anything as fine as that in your country," he proceeded, waving his hand at the landscape.

"Indeed, we do," I responded; "quite as fine, but of a different character."

"Oh, come," he remonstrated; "don't expect me to believe that. This is God's own country; there is nothing to equal it on earth; and I never knew that England had any claims to beauty."

I stared at him in astonishment. "What do you think England is like?" I demanded.

"A dark, damp hole, all town and no country," was the instant rejoinder.

"Look here!" I called after him as he rose to go to the smoking compartment. "Next time you have a holiday buy a cheap ticket and go and see England in the spring; you will see the loveliest land in the world and a people ever ready to sacrifice for it without talking about it."

* * *

Was I right? I have never come back from abroad without feeling anew the charm and sweetness of England. I can understand what Huxley felt when, landing at Dover on a wet day, he declared that he could have got down and rolled in the mud for joy that it was English mud. And Browning:

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there."

A Scottish reader of JOHN BULL was very angry with me some time ago for writing "England" instead of "Britain"; but, as the chairman of a public meeting said, "For the purpose of this resolution man embraces woman," so England embraces Scotland.

And I think of the Scottish toast: "Here's tae us. Wha's like us? Naebody."

We are coming through hard times better than any other people on earth; and with the coming of springtime there is new vigour in our blood and hope in our hearts.

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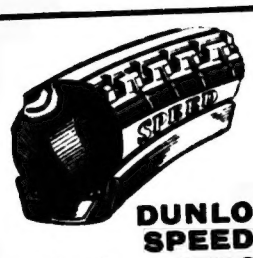

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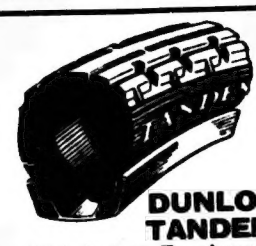

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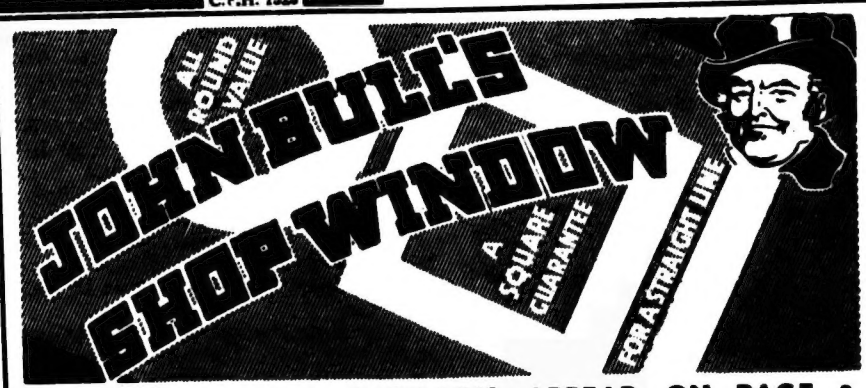

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Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Lady Lytton

Why were You So Surprised?

DEAR LADY LYTTON,—I sympathise with you over the fact that because your husband, the second Earl, can no longer afford to keep up, on his income, Knebworth House, which his family built in 1504, you have been compelled to allow the public in to see it—at a charge of a shilling each.

It must be dreadful to have strangers intruding upon one's residence, even if they pay. Paying guests were always a nuisance—even in the suburbs.

Yet you have been surprised, I read, at "how polite and well-mannered the public were."

"All who have come have been so much nicer than I expected," you say. "They seem to reverence the old house as we do."

I wonder why it is that people who possess titles, and belong to stations of high degree, are so often surprised, when they go out into the great world, or when the great world becomes part of them, that human nature is more or less the same everywhere? They have read Robbie Burns, but never believed him before.

* * *

It reminds me of the old lady who, years ago went to Paris, and wrote home, "Even the young children speak French perfectly."

And yet sometimes, when titled folk come into our market place to offer their brains for hire, we are surprised that they are human, after all.

You and your class, Lady Lytton, are just beginning to recognise, what I knew when I was a boy, that the whole world is in a process of change.

You are apt to forget that the possession of a castle, or a manor house, or a baronial hall, almost invariably depended upon the fact that, centuries ago, land was acquired, more or less legally, by some brutal or strong man, or someone who was very artful, or very cringing, to a king.

The time is rapidly approaching when, although the beginnings of a land tax have been killed by the "National" Government, taxation of other kinds will inevitably cause large estates to be broken up.

It could not go on for ever—this domination of a whole countryside from behind castle walls.

The Earl of Warwick had to let Warwick Castle to an American, years ago. I do not suppose it made much difference to the people of Warwickshire. The castle is still there, and the trees. So long as they do not live in the castle, I do not see why they should mind who does.

Some great families, in order to keep their castles going, have married rich American women, or sold their sons into the bondage of American dollars.

Other families, who boasted of their pride in their almost divine lineage, have parted with art treasures to Americans—masterpieces of paint which, you would have thought, they would have continued to possess, even if they had to hang them on the walls of their last remaining garrets. I know others who, because of profligacy, have cut the entail and sold even their homes.

Lady Lytton, you do not seem to understand that, rapacious as have been many of the families who still own vast tracts of Britain, the people generally have taken a great pride in the buildings in which their oppressors lived.

Besides, many of them understand that, had it not been for the ownership of the surrounding lands, the castles would never have been built, and that, had the families not continued to draw rents, they might long since have been pulled down. And the public like the castles and the palaces, if only to look at as they walk by.

* * *

The Duchess of Hamilton told me, a few months ago, that when, not long since, her husband, the Duke, found the family mausoleum at Hamilton Palace too expensive to maintain, and so he moved the coffins containing the duchesses outside, she found, to her surprise, that it was the local Socialists, and not the Tories, who made the row.

* * *

"They accused us of digging up the duchesses and burying them in a field," she told me. "It was true in a sense, because we had to enlarge the cemetery and it was a field before it was consecrated."

I told the Duchess that the democrats of Britain had as much regard for tradition as had the great families — indeed, even more—and that the people whose politics she objected to wanted to preserve ancestral homes as they were, so that, in the future, they would belong to the great mass of the population.

They move among old tradition almost with reverence. The public who go regularly to Hampton Court, where Wolsey built his palaces and annoyed his king, take as much delight in it as any person could whose history was associated with the place.

* * *

In Berlin and Potsdam—yes, and in Copenhagen and Paris—I have seen crowds moving in historic surroundings which once were the well-guarded promenades of kings. They are museums now, or art galleries. They should be so.

Not much more than a century ago an English king said to Wellington: "What would the public say if I turned Hyde Park into a Royal garden?"

"They would not say anything, Your Majesty," was the reply. "You would lose your head."

Now, in the days which are to be, we must not lose ours.

You, Lady Lytton, are approaching the new era very charmingly. On Easter Monday the public walked into your home for the first time and paid their bobs.

A bob is better than a curtsey. Besides, it is more gracious to take the public's money when they offer it voluntarily for admission fees than it is to charge ground rents for land made rich by the people and bled by the few.

Hannen Swaffer

Candid Communications

EARL JELLICOE,
19, Prince's Gardens, London, S.W.

My Lord,—It is with regret that I hear of your decision, on medical advice, to give up public activity. You are to resign the presidency of the British Legion, and for the future will direct the whole of your energies to the task of keeping well.

If you do that job as well as you have done all the other jobs in the course of your career you will undoubtedly enjoy better health.

The nation's good wishes will go with you into the quieter sphere of private life.

John Bull.

Mr. THOMAS L. NIXON,
Francis Street, Derby

Dear Nixon,—When a small boy was trapped in a blazing bathroom, his mother was beaten back by the flames and rushed into the street for help.

You, a stranger, wrapped wet towels round your head and hands and rescued the child from the inferno.

I salute your heroism, and regret you haven't the satisfaction of knowing you saved the boy's life.

John Bull.

Mr. ISAAC FOOT,
Minister for Mines

Dear Sir,—We are drifting to a fresh coal crisis. Weeks ago I warned the public of the serious situation that will arise in July, when the temporary Act fixing miners' hours at seven and a half per day expires.

Nothing is being done to prevent a conflict between owners and miners on this question, for the Government is waiting for the owners to make the first move. That "wait and see" attitude is likely to lead to disaster.

It is your duty to call an immediate conference of the two parties. We can't afford a repetition of the 1926 stoppage.

John Bull.

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN,
Rutland Gate, London, S.W.

Dear Sir Austen,—I hope you will persist with your Bill for clearly defining the trade terms of fancy jewellery. It is necessary for the protection both of the honest trader and the public.

You have been unlucky with the Bill, but now it has been read a second time and sent to a Committee the prospects of it becoming law are more rosy.

I wish it—and you—the best of luck.

John Bull.

Mrs. MARY PARKER,
Poor Law Institute, Rotherham

Dear Madam,—You have just celebrated the hundredth anniversary of your birthday, and for the last quarter of a century have been an inmate of a Poor Law institution.

And what a cheery inmate you must be, for you still smoke a pipe, sing and play the concertina. The young 'uns in the institution must be hard put to it to keep pace with Mary Parker!

My heartiest congratulations to you.

John Bull.

JACK PETERSEN,
Welsh Heavy-Weight Boxing Champion

Dear Jack,—I liked the way in which you won your fight against Charlie Smith, of London.

You have the heart of a lion, apparently, and it is predicted in many quarters that eventually you will get a world's championship bout.

I sincerely hope so, for it is obvious that you are not likely to develop into a "horizontal" pugilist.

Tons of good luck. John Bull.

Miss MAY GOMM,
Amberley Road, Paddington, London

Dear May,—You are only sixteen years of age, but, following the death of your mother, you took over the big responsibility of managing the home for your father and a family of nine.

Mothering a family of this size is something that many a grown person would shirk, but you have not failed to do well by them all.

Your father recently described you as a "wonderful girl," but I would go farther than that. In my opinion you are a heroine, and I raise my hat to you.

John Bull.

ALFRED STERN,
Buckhurst Hill, Essex

Brute,—You and your fellow, Joseph Godsafe, are a precious pair.

To stop a dog from fighting, you poured a kettle of boiling water on its head, scalding it severely and causing a wound which became septic.

Yet you were fined only a few shillings for this act of revolting cruelty. A dose of prison would have been a more fitting punishment.

John Bull.

Mr. H. McKENNA,
Lambeth Police Court, London

Dear Sir,—You have stated that, in your court, you see a great deal more of the goodness of life than people would believe.

Well, that's not news to me of any of the courts in London's poorer neighbourhoods. The Cockney is a wonderful being, and his heart and actions denote that, though in trouble at times, he is fundamentally sound as a citizen.

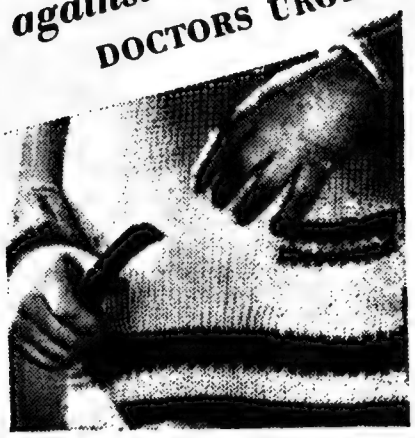
I have constantly drawn attention to his greatheartedness in the columns of this paper, and am pleased to do so again in this letter to you.

John Bull.

Mr. F. A. MACQUISTEN, K.C., M.P.—Note you think railway porters as fully informed as railway directors. Agree with you. They don't go off the rails so often, either.—JOHN BULL.

PERHAPS TOMORROW—

Protect immediately against dirt . . .
DOCTORS URGE



No home is quite safe without a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Accidents *will* happen — a burn, a cut, a bruise. Not important in themselves perhaps, but they must be protected immediately against dirt!

Take no chance of infection, even from a scratch. The safe way is to act immediately. Smear a little "Vaseline" Jelly on the injury after washing, then bandage. The "Vaseline" Jelly forms a protective layer, helps healthy tissues to grow. In jars, tins or tubes, at all chemists and stores. Two kinds — yellow and white. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark,
Petroleum Jelly

• ***SPLENDID for HEAD COLDS AS WELL. Massage bridge of nose gently last thing at night with a little "Vaseline" Jelly, also insert a little up nostrils to protect delicate mucous lining.***

FREE CASH PRIZES

763 Prizes, including £50 first and other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 23. Read the conditions carefully. Enter this simple Competition and test your skill. Send your entry NOW!

Why you should drink delicious 'Ovaltine'

WHEN you buy "Ovaltine" you enjoy very real advantages. Firstly—you make certain of obtaining the original combination of Nature's best foods—made by a firm of manufacturing chemists whose knowledge of the science of nutrition and the manufacture of food-stuffs is of world-wide repute.

Secondly—by reason of its special composition and the manufacturers' exclusive process of preparation, you obtain the maximum of pure, concentrated, health-giving nourishment.

Combinations of food substances, containing a high percentage of sugar to give them bulk and to cheapen the cost, should not be compared with "Ovaltine," which contains no added sugar. It would be easy to reduce the price of "Ovaltine" by adding a large percentage of sugar—which costs only 2d. to 3d. per pound—but it would not be of the same high quality.

The proprietors of "Ovaltine" are by far the largest purchasers in the world of malt, milk and eggs for the manufacture of a food beverage. They are therefore able to buy the finest qualities of these products of British farms and fields at the lowest possible cost. This ensures "Ovaltine" being supplied to the consumer at the lowest prices, compatible with the high quality it is absolutely essential to maintain.

No more hygienic or better equipped factory exists than the "Ovaltine" factory, situated in the beautiful Hertfordshire countryside. Every modern device and appliance is employed throughout these exceptional works.

The above facts demonstrate why "Ovaltine" is so successful in use and why it has become so firmly established in popular favour. There is only one "Ovaltine." Make it your regular daily beverage, and thus make certain of supplying to your system the best possible form of easily digested nourishment for promoting mental and physical fitness.

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

No More Ententes—THANK YOU!

—says— A. G. GARDINER

This Entente flag must never fly—Mr. MacDonald and M. Tardieu

IT is not surprising that the visit of M. Tardieu to Mr. MacDonald has caused disquiet in Germany and Italy. In normal circumstances it would pass without comment. But the circumstances are not normal.

Europe is in the melting-pot and the next three months will shape its destiny for generations. Anything which suggests that in the crisis that is upon us we are hand-in-glove with France and that something like the pre-war entente is being revived naturally creates alarm.

It would be fatal to all hopes of disarmament, peace and a reconciled Europe. It would mean the restoration of the pre-war division of Europe into two rival camps.

That, I am sure, is not the intention of Mr. MacDonald or the Government. It is certainly not the intention of the British people. But the danger is that we may drift insensibly into the old channel.

That the danger exists is apparent from the tone of the Paris Press which discussed the Tardieu-MacDonald meeting as if it were a preliminary to an Anglo-French understanding on the proposed Danube federation and to joint action on reparations and disarmament.

Nothing, of course, would suit M. Tardieu's book better at this moment than that we should walk into his parlour. He is on the eve of a general election in which there is ground for hope that he will be defeated. He stands for French nationalism and the armaments group who own the Paris Press and govern French policy.

Paralysed

It is this influence that has bedevilled Europe ever since the war.

It does not want disarmament or a reconciled Europe. It wants a Europe that is under the dominion of French armaments.

Its aim ever since the war has been to establish a French hegemony of Europe, and in this it has been extraordinarily successful, thanks largely to the paralysis of British statesmen when opposed to the superior skill of French diplomacy.

The lamentable condition of the world to-day is due as much to men like Sir Austen Chamberlain who, in his own foolish phrase when Foreign Minister, "loved France as a man loves a woman," as it is to the machinations of the armaments ring that owns the Paris Press and inspires the Quai d'Orsay.

Now at last there is a prospect of the French people rebelling against this Chauvinist conspiracy. Unemployment and bad trade are becoming as rampant in France as here, and there is a growing dissatisfaction with a Government founded on militarism and a permanent policy of enmity against Germany.

The French people, like the people everywhere else, want peace and want relief from the burdens of militarism.

The overthrow of Hitler in Germany has strengthened this feeling. Hitler, with his menace of war, has been the trump card of the French militarists and armaments manufacturers.

As *Le Rire*, the French comic journal, makes the French manufacturer remark: "If Hitler did not exist we should have to invent him."

It is French policy that has made Hitler as dangerous as he is, and the amazing thing is that Germany, in sheer despair, has not gone over to him, horse, foot and artillery.

It has not done so, and the re-election of Hindenburg on the second ballot next Sunday will be an assurance to the French people that Germany still stands for peace and reconciliation.

All this adds to the Tardieu Government's fear of defeat at the polls next month.

They fear that with the present mood of the French people there will be a landslide to the left in favour of peace, reasonable disarmament and a policy of reconciliation with Germany.

With this peril imminent, it would be a great stroke for M. Tardieu if he could go to the French people on the eve of the poll and say:

"See what I have done. I have restored the entente with Britain and I have initiated a Franco-British solution of the Central European riddle which will make French influence dominant through all the Danube provinces, and keep Germany off the grass on the one side and Italy off on the other."

What he stands for

He would not put it so bluntly as that, of course. He would use diplomatic language. And I am not sure that it would not put him back in power.

Now, it is not our business to play M. Tardieu's electoral hand for him. I am satisfied that British interests and Europe's interests and also French interests will be best served by the defeat of M. Tardieu and all that he stands for.

This does not mean that I am opposed to the Danube Federation. Every student of the Central European situation knows that something must be done and done at once to save the Danube States, from Austria to Rumania, from complete economic wreck. That is not an unselfish wish. You cannot isolate bankruptcy, and if Central Europe collapses we shall all be in the soup with it.

But whatever is done to rescue the Danube States must be done with due regard for German and Italian interests as well as French or even British interests.

The crisis

It must be remembered that if Austria is *in extremis* it is French policy that has put her there.

It is France which has forbidden Austria to enter into economic union with Germany, whose language it speaks, and which is its natural market. France has prevented this as a part of its policy of clipping the wings of Germany and establishing its own dominion over Central Europe.

Having thus defeated an Austro-German solution of the crisis in Central Europe, M. Tardieu, backed by Sir John Simon—who, indeed, is alleged to be the author—now comes forward with a scheme for the economic federation of the Danube States from Austria to the Black Sea.

I think I could name the real author of that scheme and the place where it came to birth. It is not far from where I am writing.

I do not think it is a bad scheme. I think it is a good scheme. The smash-up of the Austrian economic system was one of the major crimes of the peace, and its restoration in some form is a necessary condition of European reconstruction.

But the thing must be done without political bias. Germany and Italy must have a square deal. They have at least as much interest in the Danube States as France and Britain have. The Danube Federation, in short, must not be an expedient for Frenchifying the map of Europe and driving a political wedge between Germany and Italy.

If Austria is forbidden to have economic union with Germany, at least it must not be converted into a political and economic foe of Germany.

No enmity

That is the fear which Germany and Italy both have. It is a fear aggravated by M Tardieu's unfortunate way of presenting the scheme, by the Paris Press's exultant claims that it is a victory for French interests and by the suggestion that there is behind it a revival of the Anglo-French understanding.

It is Mr. MacDonald's business to make it clear that this country is not a tool of French policy.

If it supports the scheme it will insist on a square deal for Germany and Italy. It will not make the Danube provinces an appanage of France. And, finally, it has no more intention of reviving the Anglo-French alliance than it has of making an alliance with Germany.

It stands for the League of Nations, disarmament, friendship with all Powers and enmity against none.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Principal George Jeffreys on— The Healing Touch

I'M Principal Jeffreys, am I:
Or me you have possibly heard;
I preach with a will,
And I cure ev'ry ill
By faith, though some think this absurd.
My hands on the lame and the halt
I place, and their ailments all flee—
Provided they've got
Of faith quite a lot
In me, gospel, my methods, and me!
Oh, faith is a wonderful thing!
It helps me through arduous days.
It fills me with joy
My work to employ—
And, what's more important, it pays!

Faith, my dearly beloved brethren, has sustained me for many years. Once I was a Welsh miner, but when faith entered my life I gave up hewing coals and took to saving souls.

In due course I became head of the Four Square Gospel movement, and I've been all over the country spreading the light and healing the sick.

You have read, no doubt, of my recent revival meetings at the Albert Hall, and even my harshest critics agree that what I may lack in dignity is made up for by my highly-developed sense of the theatre.

I may not have Aimee McPherson's physical attractions, and I am without the assistance of a white-robed beauty chorus, but I have been playing to much better houses than did Sister McPherson.

At one of my meetings seventy-two people testified that they had been cured of cancer, tumour and other growths. Eighteen others announced that, although crippled, they had been able to throw away their crutches; while a large number said that they had been cured of blindness, deafness and rheumatoid arthritis.

* * *

These cures I achieve merely by touching the afflicted and impressing upon them the wonders that can be wrought by faith.

There are, I know, carping critics who say that those whom I profess to cure have been so affected by their sufferings that they are ready to catch at any straw—even the straws in the hair of a miracle-monger—and will believe anything while in a semi-hysterical state, but that their ills return as soon as their temporary frenzy of faith has abated.

Fortunately, I remain unaffected by these carpers, for I carry my doctrine to its logical conclusion by having unlimited faith in myself.

I am not a miracle-monger.
There's much that I cannot achieve:
I cannot cure bacon or hunger.
Or rabbits produce from my sleeve.
But pain from the earth soon would vanish
If all who are racked by disease
Came to me. Ev'ry ill I can banish
With almost ridiculous ease.
For ailments of ev'ry description
My methods are much in demand;
So ne'er do I change the prescription:
Much faith and a touch of my hand.
And e'en if the cure should prove fleeting,
Don't think that your faith's been in vain;
Just come to my very next meeting,
And, presto! I'll cure you again!

Fascinating YOUNG STARS

smile at years ahead!

IRENE DUNNE (*Radio Pictures*) *says:* "*For very smooth skin I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful*"

They know their radiant beauty need not leave them!

MARY ASTOR (*Radio Pictures*) *says:* "*I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard my skin — it is a lovely soap*"

THERE'S such an engaging freshness about these stars . . . And they can afford to laugh at the years ahead, for they *know* their perfect complexions need not desert them.

Lux Toilet Soap is their secret. Nine out of every ten of them trust their complexions to its caressing care. You, too, will love the delicate fragrance of this pure white soap . . . the way its rich, foamy lather leaves your skin soft, smooth and flawless even in the hardest water. From grocers, chemists and stores everywhere.

LUX Toilet Soap

4D. *a tablet*

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL. 317-312-65

THE HEAVYWEIGHT

Cadbury's 2d. milk bar is now increased in weight—you get more for your money. There is as much chocolate in five 2d. wrapped bars to-day as there was in six bars in 1930.

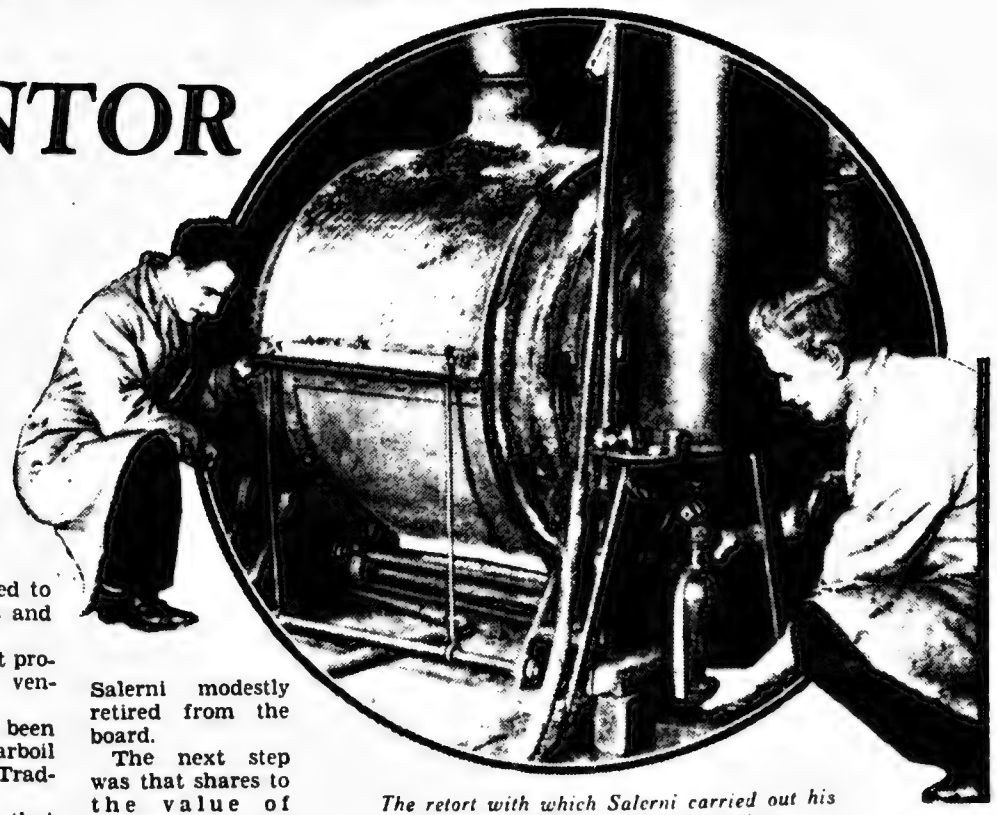
Made with full-cream BRITISH milk.

QUALITY UNCHANGED

Cadbury's 1d and ½d. milk bars also increased in weight.

Weekly Informations from Maj.-Gen. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

ITALIAN INVENTOR Bobs Up Again



The retort with which Salerni carried out his experiments in coal carbonisation

CONSIDERABLE publicity has been directed, following a dinner given recently at Sheffield, to a remarkable scheme which is apparently to be launched for the "salvation of the coal industry" under the auspices of the Salerni Carbonisation Process, Ltd., of Waterloo Place, London.

This, I note in passing, is a company registered in December, 1930, with a nominal capital of merely £100, the bulk of which is owned by an Italian inventor named Piero Mariano Salerni, whose present London address is at 23, Carlton House Terrace, Westminster, S.W.1.

Voluminous publicity matter is also being privately circulated among industrialists throughout the country, and the project is said to have gained the support of a prominent banker.

Lesson of the past

One batch of publicity, dated February 17, 1932, is before me at the moment, and from it I gather that it is intended to exploit a process of low temperature carbonisation of coal invented by Commendatore Piero Salerni.

This inventor is described as "the expert delegate to the Royal Italian Government to the Third International Conference on Bituminous Coal, Pittsburgh, U.S.A., 1931."

I note that a paper, expounding his views at very great length, is being circulated as part of the present publicity campaign.

It is declared that the Salerni system can be applied to any bituminous coal and will provide a smokeless fuel and oil.

The public is also told that the development of the system will make it possible to find a market for small coal and make us less dependent on foreign oil supplies.

While I do not propose to go into the merits of the inventor's scheme, which may fully justify all he claims for it, I would point out that the investing public has had bitter experience of a good many schemes for coal carbonisation.

Unsavoury scandals

One such project, in fact, was severely criticised in JOHN BULL in the summer of 1929 as being sponsored by one of the most daring financial adventurers in Europe.

Commendatore Piero Salerni must be well aware of the unhappy history of other excursions into this particular field of commerce; but he is evidently full of confidence in his own chances of success.

It is said that his apparatus will be made available to the mining and fuel industries in a way that will avoid the unsavoury scandals and suspicions that have attended the development of similar enterprises in the past.

I should hope so. Besides, where the salvation of Britain's coal industry is at stake, no efforts should be spared to give pioneers every encouragement and support.

I have discovered that the present project is by no means Salerni's first venture of this kind.

Two concerns with which he has been associated are known as the Carboil Syndicate, Ltd., and the Vulcan Trading Corporation.

It surprises me, therefore, to find that both were dissolved by the Registrar of the Companies Department at Somerset House as recently as February 16, 1932—just a day before the flood of publicity appeared regarding his present process!

Ambitious heights

Let me direct attention to the inner finances of the Carboil Syndicate, Ltd. It started, with Salerni as director, as a little private company with a capital of £525.

Then after ambling on for some years without achieving anything spectacular, Salerni and a co-director suddenly decided to soar to more ambitious heights.

Together they passed a "special resolution" to convert their precious syndicate into a public company with £500,000 capital.

With this move, Commendatore Piero Salerni modestly retired from the board.

The next step was that shares to the value of £245,000 in the Carboil Syndicate, Ltd., were offered to the public at £1 a time—the offer being made through a concern called the Vulcan Trading Corporation, Ltd.

This was then a newly formed company, the objects of which included the manufacture of iron, steel, metal, machinery, chemicals and goods of all kinds.

For disposing of the Carboil Syndicate shares the Corporation was to receive commission of £18,375.

Piero Mariano Salerni was managing director.

Nor is that all. Out of the new capital raised from the public, £60,000 was earmarked to discharge the liabilities of Salerni's original £525 syndicate.

Stirring stories were told of "production of oil from colliery waste" and it was estimated that the profits on the first year's trading would reach £200,000, while, within five years, the Carboil Syndicate, Ltd., would be earning £500,000 annually.

A wealth of publicity matter, it is interesting to note, was furnished for public consumption, and much was made of valuable patents for oil recovery plants.

Financial experts poured cold water upon the value of the schemes from the start.

Very vague

And as time went on they deplored the absence of tangible information, the lateness of accounts, and the constant and disquieting default in filing Somerset House returns.

The sad truth is that the promised profits never materialised. As time passed the investors were informed that the development of the business had been "considerably retarded."

Then a statement was made to the effect that "a concession for valuable oil shale lands" had been acquired on the Continent.

So the original programme was gradually dropped in favour of this Continental scheme, and investors were offered shares in yet another concern called Estal, Ltd., in return for their holdings in the Carboil Syndicate, Ltd.

Further criticism was levelled at the directors, particularly as no details were at first vouchsafed regarding the Continental shale-oil proposition.

No country was mentioned, and though the directors talked glibly in millions, no one could obtain any really accurate details regarding the new company's capital, property, assets or place of registration.

The position to-day is that both the Carboil Syndicate, Ltd., and the Vulcan Trading Corporation, Ltd., have gone out of business.

I hope—

Salerni, too, among other achievements recorded before me, was earlier still associated with a notorious company rogue named Chansay, of Jersey, where Salerni had several interests.

In these circumstances—particularly in view of the fact that so much is claimed for his present process—I hope M. Salerni will see that, when the time comes to place it on the market, it will be done in a way that leaves no loophole for criticism.

WIFE *who* WASN'T RIGHT!

He didn't believe her

"YOU'LL never win anything!" was the wifely encouragement offered to Mr. J. Hamblock, of 21, Rothsay Road, Forest Gate, E.7, as he set to work to capture a JOHN BULL Crossword prize.

But wives are not always right. That was proved when, one recent Thursday, Mr. Hamblock pointed triumphantly to the published solution of No. 157—it agreed exactly with one of the squares he had submitted!

That morning he went off to his work at a butcher's shop in Bethnal Green Road, just as if nothing had happened, leaving to his wife the thrill of opening any letter from JOHN BULL which might come along.

A letter did arrive—and Mrs. Hamblock hurried round to her husband with the wonderful news.

The verdict of our searchers was that Mr. Hamblock's entry contained the only correct solution received. For the third time in succession JOHN BULL's huge Crossword prize of £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash had been won outright.

* * *

"I am a bit bewildered by my good fortune," said Mr. Hamblock, when seen by our representative later in the day. "I've got my wife to thank for it, because she persuaded me to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL about a year ago.

"She thought the Insurance so good," he went on to explain. "Well, I found the Crosswords good, too.

"I began to study the JOHN BULL style, and there were only three mistakes in one of my first squares. Then, later, I had only two or three words wrong on several occasions.

"That was pretty encouraging, so I stuck to JOHN BULL's puzzles only, went on trying—and here I am!

"I'm very glad the prize has come just now," went on this quiet little man of thirty-seven on whom wealth has descended so suddenly. "It will be a big help with my youngster of eight, and I'll be able to do more for the old dad—he'll be retiring soon."

* * *

As you see, Mr. Hamblock's plans for using his £1,250 cash, which he has chosen in preference to a Life Pension, will be mainly for the benefit of his family.

"But I'm going to spend something on myself," he added. "I've always longed for a real holiday in Scotland, and this year we shall be able to enjoy one."

* * *

Why not transform your plans for the future? Take up that magic wand of yours, a pen, and fill in the fascinating little squares on page 36.

Remember—three competitors have just won the prize outright and chosen between a Life Pension and a fortune of £1,250. Pick your words carefully and you may soon be choosing *your* prize.

JUST MADE MYSELF MANAGING DIRECTOR

...own my own Transport Co. all Train, Tram & Bus fare profits come back to me

Just total this up. To and from business—bus, tram or train fares. Week-end jaunts—bus, tram or train fares. A quiet evening run—bus, tram or train fares. All moneys you can keep in your pocket! How? Go where you will on Hercules! The finest cycle money can buy.

The 'Popular' Hercules Model costs you only £3.19.9. Dunlop roadster tyres, rims and waterproof saddle. Chromium plating. Same specification as cycles costing £1 more. Get off bus, tram and train routes. Get there on a Hercules.

If you want a 3-speed gear cycle—ask to see model 'H' with genuine Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear. Easy terms—or cash £4 . 19 . 9.

'POPULAR' MODEL
£3 : 19 : 9
OR ON EASY TERMS

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

easy terms. Also get the Hercules catalogue and study the full range of models. Send for Art Illustrated Catalogue to :—THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD. (Dept. N.C.), BRITANNIA WORKS, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Hercules

CHROMIUM PLATED BRITISH CYCLES

Astounding Outrage on a Family of Eight

Mr. and Mrs. Hay and their children—a photograph taken after their arrival in England last week

A MAN of fifty, his wife, and their six children might have been seen padding their way along Whitehall a few days ago.

Their clothing and footwear were good, and, but for their dejection and the signs that the woman and her younger children were on the verge of collapse, they might have been taken for a country family visiting London for the day.

But they were homeless, friendless, destitute, very hungry, and without a penny between them.

They had just emerged from the British Foreign Office, where they had related an astounding story of the manner in which they had been brought to ruin and starvation abroad.

To the workhouse

The misery-stricken family were actually on the way to seek the refuge of the workhouse.

Then JOHN BULL intervened and saved them from this final calamity.

Mr. John Smith Hay, the father of the family, is an Aberdeen man, who, like his forebears for many generations, had served famous Scottish houses as gamekeeper and gillie.

He became a specialist in the training of gun and other sporting dogs, and, until three and a half years ago, prospered in a business of that kind at Wimborne, Dorsetshire.

Then he was approached by a well-known canine agency and offered an excellent appointment as head trainer to the French Society for Greyhound Breeding at Sainte-Gemme, twenty miles from Paris.

The fact that sportsmen like the late Lord Sefton, then president of our National Coursing Club, and Lord Tweedmouth had provided dogs for and become interested in the French enterprize was a sufficient guarantee to Mr. Hay.

Handsome offer

Lord Sefton and Lord Tweedmouth were, in fact, honorary members of the society, as also were Lord Derby and Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador in Paris. None of these peers, of course, had any knowledge of the amazing events which we now relate.

The salary undertaken to be paid to Mr. Hay was not only adequate, but his contract provided for the payment to him of handsome commissions on races won by dogs in his care and on stud fees, with free house and certain domestic necessities, and the free transport of his family and home to and from France.

Contracts were made in addition for the engagement of Mrs. Hay, who is an expert in nursing puppies and sick dogs, and her eldest boy as kennel-assistants.

In such promising circumstances Mr. Hay was installed in charge of what was to become, under his supervision, the finest greyhound kennels on the Continent.

Social Paris went greyhound crazy. The most illustrious people in the land joined the society and motored out to Sainte-Gemme to watch the racing and then buy the choicest dogs for themselves at fabulous prices.

Again and again Mr. Hay had to visit Britain to buy fresh stock of the most famous strains, and the breeding of high-quality dogs at the society's establishment could scarcely keep pace with the demand.

For eighteen months the society was in its heyday, and so pleased were its directors with Mr. Hay's efficiency and success that they voluntarily renewed his contract until the end of 1933.

All went well until the middle of last year, when the enthusiasm of the French wealthy classes for greyhound breeding and racing began to wane.

Then the society by stages substituted its wholly British technical staff with cheaper native labour, and soon Mr. Hay himself suspected that his brains were being picked with a view to his replacement.

Bared teeth

A drastic policy of economy was inaugurated in regard to the feeding of the dogs. In consequence of it the animals fell ill fifty at a time, and many were almost as lean as skeletons. Against such treatment of valuable greyhounds Mr. Hay naturally protested with vigour.

His opposition put him plainly in disfavour. He was obstructed in his work and treated generally in a manner which made his position impossible.

In the end he gave three months' notice to end his contract. He was disturbed also by the fact that even the humblest employees were having difficulty in getting their wages.

The society purported to behave generously. It offered to release him in a week and pay him in full *if he had then vacated its house and called at its offices in Paris after doing so.*

It should be mentioned that not only arrears of salary but accumulated commissions for three years were owing to Mr. and Mrs. Hay.

Next day two of Mr. Hay's English assistants were summoned to Paris. He never saw them again.

But within twenty-four hours he received a telegram from them from London informing him that they had been shamefully treated. At the society's offices they had been induced to surrender their identity cards, had been taken by a ruse to the railway station and put on the train for England with only a small part of the money owing to them.

Mr. Hay at once consulted a lawyer about his own case, and was advised under any circumstances not to leave or give up the society's house until he was paid in full.

When the society learned this, it sent three officials to Mr. Hay with an invitation to accept a tiny sum in settlement of his claim. He refused, and said it was scandalous that an organisation under the patronage of some of the wealthiest and most honoured people in France should descend to the meanest practices.

"Yes," said the leader of the delegation. "We have money and might on our side. If you do not accept our offer and get out at once, or if you cause any trouble, we have only to say the word to have you and your family thrown out of France."

Cast into jail

Mr. Hay declared he would not listen to such monstrous threats.

Next day he instructed his lawyer to start proceedings to recover about, at par, £1,200, which, he held, was owing to him and his family.

And three days later the gendarmes appeared and served an order for the Hays immediately to leave France!

On their lawyer's advice they refused. Mr. and Mrs. Hay were then arrested and kept in prison without trial for a month.

During that time they were in separate cells, never saw each other, were allowed only ten minutes' exercise daily, and existed solely on black bread and thin soup.

In the meantime, their children had been turned out of the home—they were cared for by kindly neighbours—and the furniture, much of it destroyed in the process, was cast into the fields.

At the end of the month Mr. and Mrs. Hay were brought before a Paris judge, who, on learning the truth, ordered them to be released forthwith, and adjourned the case indefinitely so that their affairs could be settled.

That was four months ago, and, while his lawyer proceeded with the action against the influential greyhound society, Mr. Hay worked as a labourer, spreading manure and shovelling beetroot, so that his family might be fed.

Last month he got a permanent post as gamekeeper and dog-trainer on a wealthy woman's sporting estate near the greyhound establishment, and he and his family, with the bits of their furniture which could be saved, moved into the new home provided.

Pinioned

Scarcely were they in it before word reached Mr. Hay that, as his action was likely soon to be heard in the courts, officials of the society were using their influence in other channels to get him deported.

The report was too true.

Last week the police went to the house, and, finding there only Mr. and Mrs Hay and their eldest boy, took them to prison again, handcuffed and chained.

For three days they were kept in stone caverns which are used as cells. Then they were taken out and told they were to be put on the train for England.

Mr Hay pleaded to be allowed to return home to collect clothing, linen and private papers at least, but the request was refused.

At the railway station Mr. and Mrs. Hay found their children lined up under police guard. They had been allowed to take away only such possessions as could be wrapped in handkerchiefs.

The travelling tickets provided took the family only to the coast, and Mr. Hay had to spend all he possessed in fares from there to London.

Our pledge

Forlorn and helpless, JOHN BULL found them on the way to the workhouse and succoured them.

When we had investigated the facts we submitted them to Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, of the British Greyhound Racing Association, who immediately arranged for Mr. Hay to be employed by that organisation.

We could not imagine a more diabolical case of Britons being made to suffer nor anything more extraordinary than that the deportation system can be exploited by officials of a private influential syndicate to evade payment of its debts.

We intend to see that the Foreign Office shall act strenuously in this dreadful case.

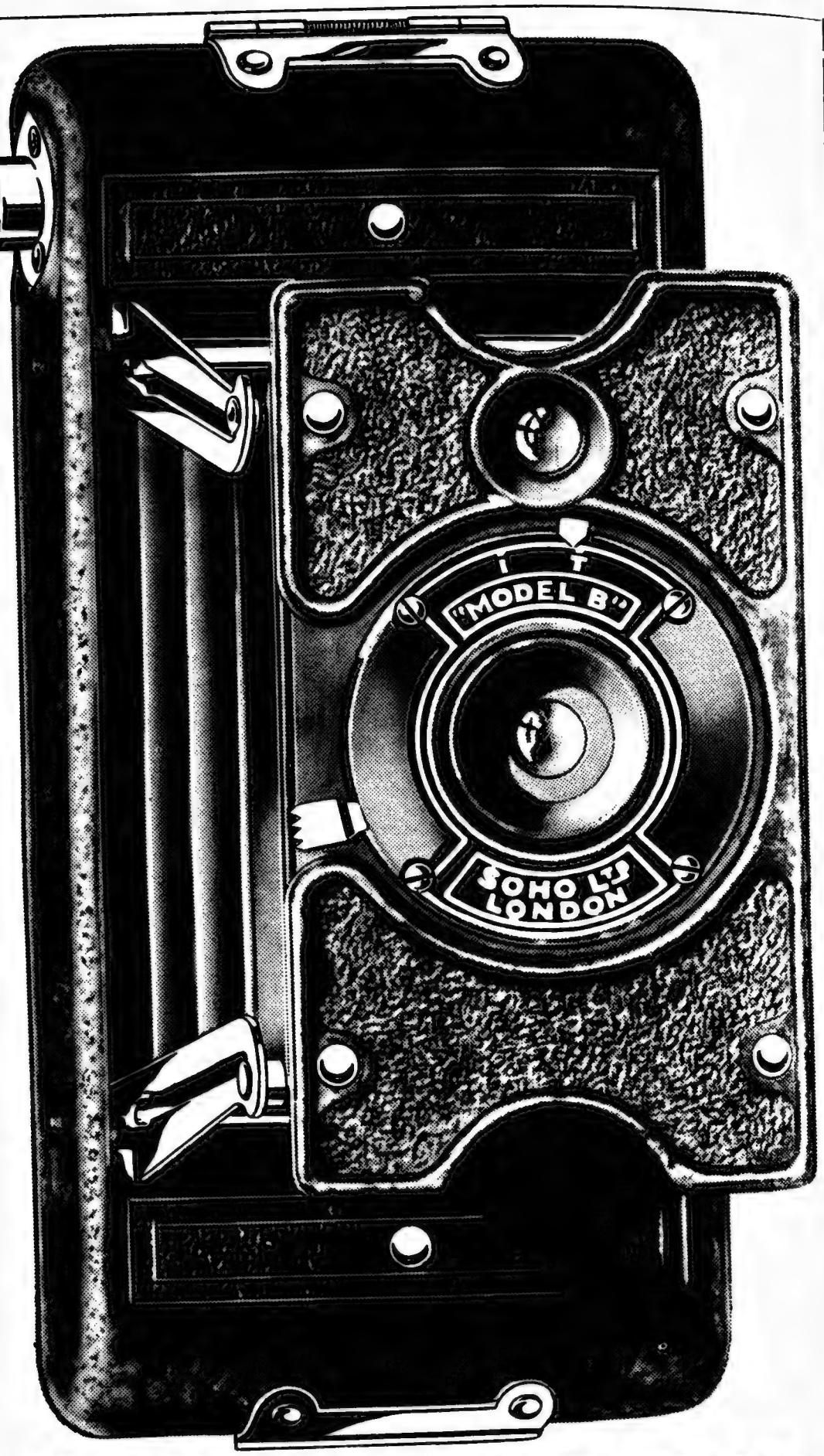
A MOTHER'S DEVOTION

If you asked Mrs. Herbert, of Selly Park, Birmingham, what was the most trying time she ever experienced, she would probably say: "When both my babies and myself were ill."

The younger child, aged two, developed whooping cough with severe congestion of the lungs. Despite the fact that she was ill with measles, Mrs. Herbert nursed the baby for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Now comes the happy sequel. She writes: "Thank you for your cheque of £5 5s. paid on account of my own illness. It will pay the doctor and reduce the bills for the many little delicacies needed to coax our babies back to health."

The Benefits paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance are now subject to a 10 per cent. Bonus, payable to readers registered for three months or more. See page 33.



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A Master of Bluff

Modern Turpin's Heartless Frauds

ONE of the busiest rogues at large to-day is appropriately named Turpin — appropriately, because he ranges the country plundering as he goes.

His victims are to be found in London, Portsmouth, Bristol, and Bridgwater to our certain knowledge, and it is likely that he has operated in a good many other places besides.

If he has no "Black Bess," he has the equivalent in a fast car; and though he does not hold up his victims at the pistol point, his wits have so far proved equally effective in inducing people to part with their money.

Turpin—sometimes he is "Leo," sometimes "Philip"—recently halted in Bristol long enough to launch a concern called the Music and Musicians' Advancement Association.

Its aims and objects were unimpeachable. Unemployment was so rife among musicians displaced by the "talkies" that the championing of their cause was sure to meet with sympathetic support.

That was what Turpin counted upon. Representing himself as a fine, all-round musician and a leading violinist, he took the field as a knight who would fight the "talkie" dragon and find fresh employment for starving musicians.

Dick robbed the rich and took a risk; Leo snatches from the poor — a safer game to play

Courtesy of Stoll Picture Productions.

Money for nothing

He was soon busy collecting subscriptions and charitable grants for his association and spoke of organising a series of special dances and functions in support of his scheme.

These would not only find actual work for enrolled musicians, but would provide a new field for dancing members, whose services would be appropriately rewarded.

Although it all sounded so promising and the advertisements attracted widespread interest, Mr. Turpin's Music and Musicians' Advancement Association did not prosper. People paid their money and waited; but nothing happened.

Then, when workless musicians and dancers were beginning to grow restive, Turpin decided that it was time to take to the road again. Like his namesake of old, he disappeared in a cloud of dust, leaving his victims lamenting the encounter!

After he had gone it was found that, apart from actual subscribers and members, various trade creditors had been left unpaid, while Turpin had also obtained substantial sums on credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

At many surrounding towns in Somerset Leo Turpin has left dupes who have lost money in different schemes that he has evolved from his fertile brain.

Since absconding from Bristol, too, he has figured in a conspiracy which was happily scotched before it had gone far.

Posing as Boris Ensor, Turpin furnished his accomplice with forged references to enable him to acquire business premises. Extensive alterations were carried out, and in the name of "Madame Gerald" the pair ordered expensive gowns from wholesalers in London and elsewhere.

Though they succeeded in obtaining extensive credit, smart work by a private enquiry agent spoilt their plans. Being pressed for payment by one creditor, who grew too persistent for their liking, they suddenly closed their new shop and disappeared.

That Turpin is a resourceful and dangerous rogue is evidenced by a swindle he ran in London eighteen months ago in the name of the Somerset Holiday Bureau.

With headquarters in Fleet Street, he set about establishing branches in Minehead, Wells, Watchet, Bath, Cheddar, Clevedon and Burnham.

As in the case of his recent Musicians' Advancement Association, he made his project seem attractive and sound. His literature was most impressive; prolonged holiday tours were planned; hotel agencies, information bureaux and garages were to be established, and agents were to be appointed throughout the kingdom.

Agents robbed

As a matter of fact, a number of agents were actually installed in branch offices, and had to pay very dearly for the privilege. Not only were they robbed of cash investments that were a feature of their engagement, but some were ultimately left stranded at their various outposts to cope with local creditors and clients as best they could.

When they tried to get in touch with their head office for funds and instructions they found that Turpin, who then passed in the name of Temple, had "taken to the road."

Hotel managers, boarding-house proprietors, printers and countless tradespeople are numbered among this modern Turpin's dupes—not a few having been left with dishonoured cheques.

That Turpin is a master of bluff is illustrated by his cunning when cornered by some clamouring victims.

"It's quite all right," he told them with a magnificent gesture, and went on to explain that he had lodged a cheque for several hundred pounds with a London solicitor whom he had empowered to settle all pressing claims.

Arrest him!

Though this enabled him to make a graceful exit, the truth is that the promised cheque has not been lodged with the solicitor to this day.

Another of his schemes was a bogus publicity company which, also boasting branches in all parts and London headquarters, served only as a screen for robbing investor-employees and raising credit on all sides.

The inevitable climax came with scores of victims and creditors clamouring for their money while Turpin was nowhere to be found.

We look for his early arrest.

Shun *these* Share Snares

A CONCERN whose generosity seems boundless is known as F. Reid Price and Co., Ltd., of 1 and 2, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

It is excessively eager to make perfect strangers wealthy; it places its secrets and resources at the disposal of the public for 5s. a year, and issues a well-produced newspaper called the *Investment Review*.

A recent issue of this publication is before us, and we have no doubt that people unversed in the intricacies of finance must be duly impressed by the free use which is made in its pages of well-known names.

Under the heading "Potpourri," a rise is predicted in such shares as Bovril, Boots Pure Drugs, Austin Motors and Rolls - Royce. Elsewhere, Guinness shares are recommended.

All this is so much "window-dressing." By stealing the thunder of soundly established concerns, whose continued success the veriest amateur in finance might just as easily "predict," a general impression of stability is created.

But the main object of F. Reid Price and Co., Ltd., is not to boost commercial undertakings which certainly need no boosting, but to induce inexperienced investors to indulge in what it is pleased to describe as its "Forward Delivery System."

This is merely a new term for option gambling—a form of transaction which is frowned upon in all reputable stock and share circles.

This company, however, unblushingly describes it as the "cheapest and safest" method of buying shares.

The investor is assured that he has full control over any shares by paying 10 per cent. of the purchase price; that he may buy and sell whenever desirable; and that all dividends, bonuses, etc., will be placed to his credit when paid.

Let us cite an actual instance by way of illustration to enable readers to form their own conclusions regarding the value of these assertions.

One client invested £17 12s. 6d. as deposit on 100 gramophone shares on a three-monthly account.

The shares began to rise, and Reid Price and Co., Ltd., then became excessively anxious that their client should invest in certain mining shares. He preferred, however, to take up the gramophone shares and offered to pay up the balance.

Surprising as it may seem, his letter was ignored.

The next move was that the firm sent a tout to use personal persuasion in an endeavour to interest the client in other propositions.

When this attempt failed, the philanthropic financial advisers revealed themselves in their true colours. With amazing impudence they wrote telling their client that he must be "unaware of the nature of the transaction" into which he had entered, and that it would be as well in the circumstances to cancel the bargain.

This when the value of the shares on which he had paid this option had almost doubled in value!

The client had to invoke legal aid to compel Reid Price and Co., Ltd., to deliver the proper shares and to settle by paying £25 and his solicitor's costs.

The firm's methods are in every way objectionable, and have repeatedly involved it in litigation. Its touting offers should be steadfastly ignored.

The Shocker

CRUEL coups are being perpetrated almost daily by a woman calling herself Edith Moore, who is making quite a lot of money for herself and causing her victims untold distress.

Recently she made the acquaintance of a wealthy woman in Dulwich, London, S.E., and quickly familiarised herself with her prospective dupe's movements.

Then, at a time when she knew the woman to be away from home, she called at the house and introduced herself to a relative.

She was sorry to report that her "friend" had been taken suddenly ill—not seriously, she hoped, but it had been necessary to detain her in hospital. She had been asked to deliver a note.

The note she submitted, written in a shaky hand, contained a request for £5, and in the excitement and distress of the moment the relative never doubted the genuineness of the request.

It was only after Miss Edith Moore had departed with the money that the relative realised that the note did not intimate at which hospital the sick woman had been detained.

She hurried after Miss Moore, but that young woman had somehow contrived to make a very speedy departure from the district.

Later the supposed victim of sudden illness returned to explode the whole story as a preposterous invention.

This subterfuge has been repeated by Edith Moore with equal success in various parts and in various aliases, including those of Ruby Ashleigh, Elise Granger and Lily Mortimore.

It is time she was detained herself—and not in a mythical hospital!

THE BIG TUSSLE *that is* COMING—

Hereditary Right Must Go

says SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.,

a son of Lord Parmoor, and Solicitor-General in the Labour Government

THE Government of this country must be under the control of one single sovereign authority.

No Second Chamber should have sovereign power or any share in sovereign power.

Hereditary right to govern must go. The power to govern and control must remain with the House of Commons—the Assembly directly elected by the people.

The right of a non-elective, irresponsible body to obstruct measures carried by a popularly elected House of Commons must be swept away.

But, having cleared the ground by laying down these basic principles, I think there is a good deal of useful work which could be better done by a less politically minded body than a representative Assembly must always be Here I am speaking for myself and by no means committing the Party to which I belong to my point of view.

It seems to me that the main function of a representative Assembly should be to lay down the broad essential lines on which legislation should be based.

Coats Off !

The House of Commons should be the national workshop of politics where the elected people's representatives should thrash out great guiding principles and arrive at vital decisions to embody them in legislation.

This does not mean that the House of Commons is the most suitable body to put great principles into the best legislative form.

There is a great deal to say for the view that the House of Commons is so immersed in the atmosphere of political differences that it is unsuited to the detailed and technical work of giving proper legislative form to the broad principles which it has approved.

After the second reading of a first-class measure the Committee and Report stages on the floor of the House of Commons nearly always resolve themselves into purely political fights. Practically all the amendments, either put forward by the one side or rejected by the other, are done so on the basis of political views.

After the battle

The result is that in the haste of this rough-and-tumble political controversy in Committee important measures leave the Commons slipshod in their wording and obscure in their meaning.

This is all wrong. After the battle of principle is won there ought to be some machinery whereby the details can be adjusted on the ground of what is the best way to give effect to the general principle.

If a Second Chamber could be devised which could be entrusted with the duty of putting into proper form the intentions of the House of Commons, it would be a most valuable addition and asset to the Legislature.

What I should like to see would be a system in which all public contentious Bills came before the House of Commons for full, free and adequate second reading debate.

Once the House of Commons had approved the Bill on broad grounds of public policy it should then go to a Second Chamber for its Committee stage where men and women, experienced in administrative detail, would produce a finished legislative article.

But this Second Chamber should be a subordinate body to the House of Commons, and should have no power at all to make changes which would vitally affect the measure or impair its object.

For this purpose the use of instructions to the Committee should become a much more normal part of House of Commons work.

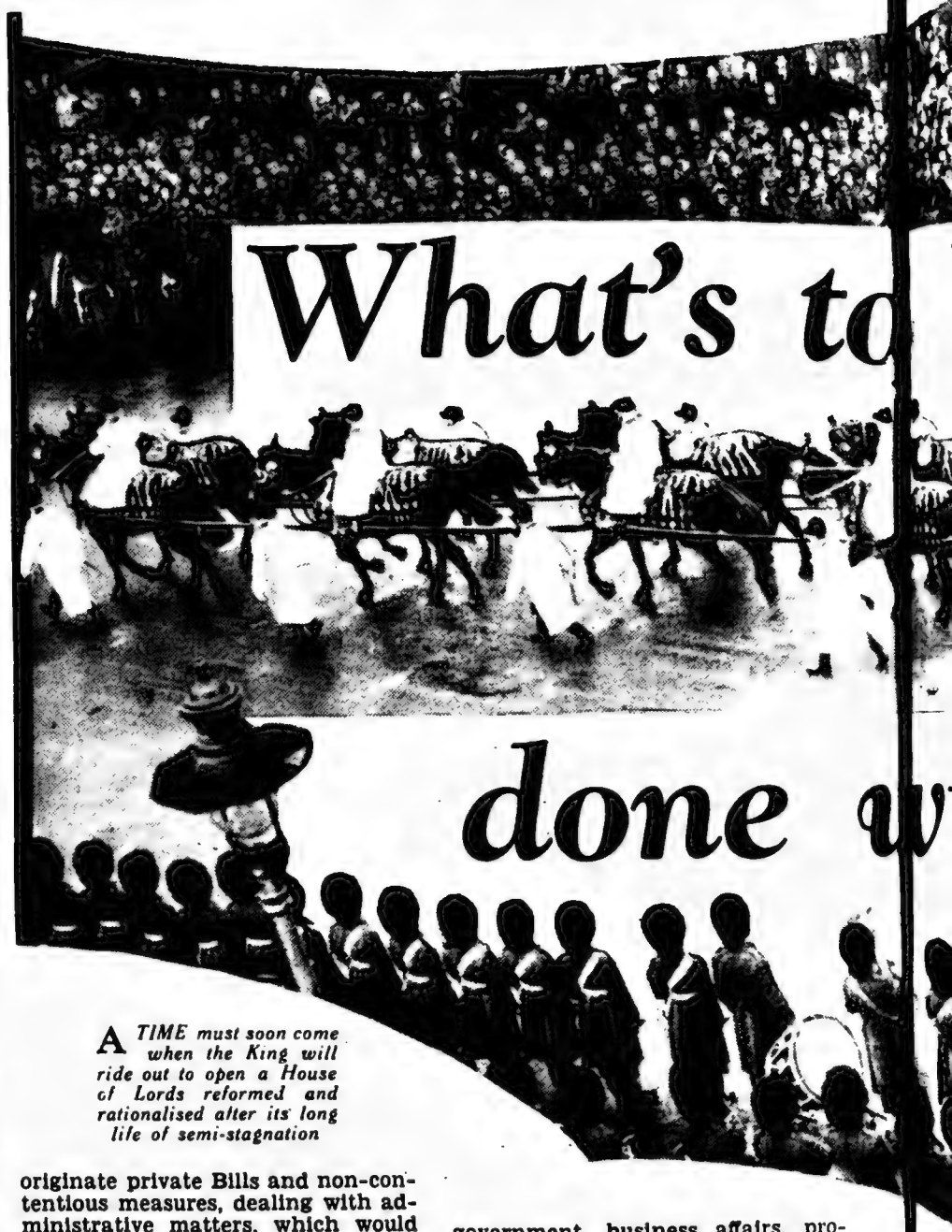
A helping hand

On the second reading debate in the House of Commons, M.P.s should be given much more time to move instructions insisting on necessary safeguards and making unmistakably clear to the Second Chamber the meaning of the measure.

After the Bill had passed through Committee there should be a report and third reading stage in the House of Commons during which Government amendments alone would be considered, so as to provide a proper opportunity to make any alterations when the Second Chamber had departed from the principles laid down by the representative assembly.

Such a Second Chamber could also originate private Bills and non-contentious measures, dealing with administrative matters, which would in the same way go for report and third reading to the House of Commons, which would have an overriding voice.

By these means you would succeed in freeing the House of Commons for its real work as the controller of policy, and create an instrument which would fulfil an exceedingly useful function in the Constitution.



A TIME must soon come when the King will ride out to open a House of Lords reformed and rationalised after its long life of semi-stagnation

Experts all

The kind of Second Chamber I visualise is one in which the Parties would be represented by numbers in the same proportion as the elected representatives in the House of Commons, the members of the Second Chamber being nominated by those Parties.

If there is to be smooth and efficient working of the Parliamentary system it is hopeless if there is to be one Chamber in which opinion is to be in overwhelming opposition to the opinion in another place. Such a system only leads to confusion and frustration.

The only way in which you can work any kind of a Second Chamber is that its majority membership should be in sympathy with the majority in the House of Commons.

My Second Chamber would therefore be chosen in such a way as to reflect the opinions of the electors, and it would consist of men and women of mature judgment and administrative experience in local government, business affairs, professional societies, trade unions and of all those trained in the art of seeing a job through.

None would be there by accident of birth or social position, but all would be there on merit, because they had wide experience of the sort of legislation with which they would be dealing day by day.

They would all go out of office when a General Election took place, and new appointments would be made by the incoming Parties in the House of Commons.

This would provide for variety and new blood, and it would also provide for some measure of continuity —a very desirable thing provided it is not made a fetish.

With a change of Government it is obvious they could not all be reappointed, but there would be a number who would go on from year to year and thus link the new with the old.

Oil, not grit—

They would have a full-time job, and it would be necessary to pay them in the same way as M.P.s are paid.

I do not claim finality or perfection for this scheme, but in broad outline it does sketch out the possibility of a Second Chamber which would be a real help to legislative and administrative efficiency instead of a drag on the wheels of State as the existing House of Lords undoubtedly is to-day.

be with THE LORDS?

Specially Debated for "John Bull" by SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P. (LABOUR), and the late EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, M.P. (CONSERVATIVE)

THIS article was written by Mr. Edward Marjoribanks only a few days before his tragic death. It displays the brilliant political gifts that had marked him out for a distinguished future, and shows what a great loss the Conservative Party has sustained by his death.

Let Them be Elected.

by EDWARD MARJORIBANKS,

who was heir-presumptive to Baron Tweedmouth

I DO not agree with Sir Stafford Cripps when he declares for one single sovereign power.

I want a reform of the House of Lords in the lifetime of the present Parliament.

I want a Second Chamber sharing the sovereign power with the House of Commons.

I want a Second Chamber directly elected by the people, and endowed by them with the authority to veto measures.

How can the House of Commons, as it is elected to-day, be regarded as the proper body to have the final and determining voice on every legislative question?

A General Election *mêlée* cannot be considered as an ideal method of appointing an assembly which, over four or five years, is to come to vital decisions on a variety of important subjects, a number of which were not in the electors' minds at all while the campaign was in progress.

In nearly every case General Elections are fought and won on a great absorbing issue which occupies the stage practically to the exclusion of everything else.

In reality therefore, a General Election is only a Glorified Referendum. It results in the election of a body of M.P.s who cannot be expected to be the sole judges and arbiters on everything which is likely to arise during the period which intervenes before the next General Election.

To place absolute sovereign power in their hands is not fair to them or fair to the nation.

To correct this vital defect we want to create a higher and more permanent authority which can be trusted to bring its mature judgment on the nation's affairs, to check hasty, faulty and ill-considered legislation, and to assure itself, without the shadow of a doubt, that the country is behind the measures proposed.

That is why I am in favour of transforming the House of Lords into an efficient Chamber during the present Parliament.

A National Government can tackle the problem fairly and squarely without the suspicion that constitutional changes are being made for partisan purposes.

It must not be forgotten that the Parliament Act itself contained a pledge to reform the House of Lords.

While that pledge remains unredeemed there is an obligation upon political Parties to concentrate their best brains upon the ways and means to put the House of Lords upon a sound and satisfactory basis. Liberals are as much committed to this national task as is the Conservative Party.

No one ever intended that the House of Lords should have been left so long in its present unsatisfactory state. But the Great War and, later, other political controversies intervened and prevented the settlement of the problem. Action cannot be indefinitely postponed. The time has come to redeem the old pledge.

What is the wisest solution?

In my view, there must be a real Second Chamber with real power, but it must be of a character which will be accepted by the people. Its popularity is essential to its authority.

My model would be an elected Senate on the same lines as in America and the self-governing Dominions.

It is, of course, impossible to find a scheme which will please everybody, but I myself would be in favour of a Second Chamber elected on a popular franchise for a long term of years.

Ten-year system

If it is to be an effective body, the new Chamber must have permanence, and not be always chopping and changing its personnel as Governments rise and fall.

For this reason I would elect it for a term of, say, ten years.

All the members would not retire at once, but one-tenth might retire every year in rotation.

Such a system would give the electors an opportunity over a reasonable period of time to change the complexion of the Second Chamber. In a smaller way the retirement of a section of members every year works well in local government. There is no reason why it should not be equally satisfactory in national politics.

Many members of the Conservative Party will desire to see the continuance of hereditary peers in one form or another.

The difficulty might be overcome by a proportion of peers being elected from their present number to serve in the new Chamber in order to maintain the traditions of the House of Lords. This would allow for continuity between the new and the old.

As to the question of the permanent continuance of the hereditary principle in Government, that would have to be left for later discussion.

In any case, the future constitution of the House of Lords is as yet too uncertain to make it possible to forecast in precise detail what its final form will take.

Only one thing is certain. There must be reform—real reform. It is no earthly use making changes unless greatly increased powers are granted to the new Chamber.

Commons Peers

On the old question of the right of the House of Commons to grant supplies, it may be that the sovereign authority of the House of Commons should remain unimpaired in accordance with tradition. But it should be made impossible for important legislative changes to be included by a side wind in the granting of supplies.

If the Government of the day does attempt to carry through legislative proposals of this character, under the guise of a money Bill, the Second Chamber should certainly possess the power of veto.

One other thing stands out. If in reforming the House of Lords you take away the hereditary privileges of individuals you must give the Peers in return the right to stand as candidates and to become members of the House of Commons.

No citizen ought to be debarred from offering himself for election.

Above all, the new Second Chamber must be broad-based on the will of the people. Nothing but an elected authority, possessing the confidence of the country, and entrusted with proper power, can be any real solution for this problem of the House of Lords

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The Seven Deadly Sins of To-day—I.

Ethel Mannin,

most outspoken of women writers,

opens the attack on modern evils by telling you a story of—

Moneymania

IN his shrewd, Cockney way, Albert Atkins knew that the reason why his father had never been made foreman at the works was that he hadn't had enough push. He hadn't cared enough about money; he had been content with too little.

Albert had an idea that to expect little of life was to get little. Well, he wasn't going to be content with a house-in-a-row and a pittance of a wage all his life. Men who started with less than he had had reached the Rolls-Royce niche in the social system.

What men like Higham and Beaverbrook had done, he, Albert Atkins, could do. It was just a matter of wanting it enough and having enough faith in yourself, he reckoned.

The trouble with Atkins, of course, was that he didn't properly appreciate the importance of ruthlessness and no compromise in the money ramp; he wanted to Make Good, but in his own way, on his own terms. He wanted to go on living up to his own conception of decency.

He had always been interested in photography; he saw everything—bowls of fruit, corners of the countryside, the pattern of sunlight and shadow—in terms of pictures. From the time he was about six years old he had wanted a camera more than anything in the world.

Albert dies, and . . .

His first job when he left school, as soon as he was fourteen, was assistant in a tenth-rate photographers' studio. The work was boring—wedding groups and family portraits for the most part—but at least it gave him the rudiments of technique.

He worked there for three years, and then went to a better studio; at twenty-five he was free-lancing, selling photographs of furnishing schemes, still-life studies, etc., to women's magazines, being sent to photograph the homes of celebrities; for him it was more than taking photographs: it was composition—creation. In his own way he had the makings of an artist in him.

Then Sonia Filson, the editress of *The Fashionable World*, got hold of him. He had done a lot of work for her; she liked his efficiency and he gave her the pictures she wanted; and she liked him as a person, his energy, his keenness, his nice smile.

She said to him once: "You could be another Cecil Beaton if you liked—fashionable You could make masses of money and photograph 'everybody,' débutantes, society, royalty even."

Albert smiled his nice smile and said he guessed that wasn't his line of country; he preferred photographing arrangements of Bohemian glass, antique furniture, artificial flowers, old-world gardens, sunlight and shadow effects.

Sonia told him: "You take yourself too seriously in the wrong way. In the first place, you must change your name, just as I did. Sonia isn't my real name. My mother had the bad taste to tack Mabel on to Higgins. So I called myself Sonia Filson.

. . . Adrian is born

"I've thought of a name for you—Adrian Arrow. In future I shall publish your pictures as photographs by Adrian Arrow. You must forget Albert Atkins."

In this way Adrian Arrow, "the fashionable young photographer," was conceived and born. At first it embarrassed Albert Atkins a little, but he wanted to make money, and he began to perceive that Sonia Filson was right. Adrian Arrov *did* look better under his pictures and on his note-paper, and it would go better with the artistic studio he hoped to have later on.

Sonia arranged his studio for him. Albert had been going to have pale yellow-painted walls and green linen curtains, and some nice bits of old furniture he would pick up second-hand.

But Sonia said that that sort of thing was all very well for a painter, but not for a fashionable young photographer, and he had better leave it to her.

So he left it to her, and she gave him pale green walls, scarlet patent-leather curtains, and "surgical" furniture—chairs with steel rods for arms, and a strip of scarlet patent-leather for the seat, and lamps that were slats of glass balanced on writhing steel.

Cocktail bait

Under Sonia's direction Albert photographed it all and got the pictures of his studio into the illustrated weeklies. People began to talk about Adrian Arrow and to come to him to be photographed

Under Sonia's direction, also, he gave a fashionable cocktail party, to which he invited a whole Who's-Who of celebrities and Bright Young People and gossip-writers.

"They won't come," he protested, when Sonia was making out the list of people to invite, "I don't know any of them." She laughed at him. "Of course they'll come. Nowadays anyone will go to any party so long as its likely to be smart enough and amusing enough."

Albert protested, "But I'm not smart and I'm certainly not amusing." Sonia insisted, "Then capitalise your shyness and *naivete*—that's terribly amusing, and could be made quite fashionable."

So Albert did as he was told; he was chronically shy at his party, but everyone thought it the most charming pose, and he had a big success.

He began to make a lot of money, and he did all the right things—went to first-nights, cocktail parties, lunched in the Savoy Grill, dined at the Ivy, supped at Quaglino's, joined the Five Hundred Club, got pictures of himself and his studio into the illustrated weeklies, met "everybody" and photographed them.

Finally, at her suggestion, he became engaged to Sonia Filson, because, as she said, "It's always a little more publicity and helps to keep you in the limelight."

Albert was a little worried about this, because when he was ready to marry he wanted to marry Elsie Green, who worked in her father's combined tobacconist and sweet business at the corner of the street where Albert had lived all his life until he began to be fashionable.

Sonia asked, "Who on earth is she?" when he told her about Elsie. And when he explained who she was—blushing furiously—Sonia said, "Good lord, she'll never even have heard of Adrian Arrow—you needn't worry about that. She hasn't heard of Cecil Beaton, has she? Then why should she have heard of Adrian Arrow."

In the toils

Albert thought she was probably right, so he did not tell Elsie about his fictitious, for-publicity-purposes-only engagement to Sonia.

Presently, when he had got where he wanted in his career, he would call off the fake and quietly marry Elsie, and by that time, he hoped, he would be able to drop the racket of fashionable life, with its absurd parties and its publicity-hunting, its masculine women and feminine men, and all the affectation and fatuousness of it.

He got terribly tired of it, and of photographing smart young women with thin eyebrows and scarlet mouths and permanent waves, and dreadful old women with dyed hair and lifted faces and discontented eyes.

Still in his heart he wanted to make pictures of corners of market-places, and the life-marked faces of charwomen and flower-women, and arrangements of light and shade. But there was, he knew, no money in these things, and he wanted money, and the success it represented.

For itself he had not much use for it, for he had no liking for the things it could buy, but he wanted it for what it stood for—Power, Success, having got on and made good. For it was one and the same, he realised, making good meant making money.

When people talked about a man being successful, they didn't mean that he was happy and doing the work he wanted to do, but making money. But presently, he thought, when he had firmly established himself, he would be able to do as he liked.

When he took Elsie to see his smart Mayfair flat, she gazed at the surgical furniture and the cubist mural decorations, and said, "It's not very home-like, is it?"

When he showed her a Lalique bowl illuminated by an electric bulb inside it, and told her, proudly, that he had paid thirty-five guineas for it, she was horrified. "Just think of what you could have done with the money! Fancy paying all that just for a vase!"

"Marry me!"

He didn't like her calling it a vase, and asked her, nettled, what *she* would have done with the money. She smiled, ruefully, "I'd have had a fortnight at the sea. Why, at three guineas a week anyone could have two whole months' holiday on that money, and gone first class there and back into the bargain!"

"You shall have the price of that bowl to yourself, then," he told her, "to spend in your own way."

She laughed, embarrassed. "Don't be

(Continued on page 24)

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Was invited to sing in the Choir,
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That he deafened them all

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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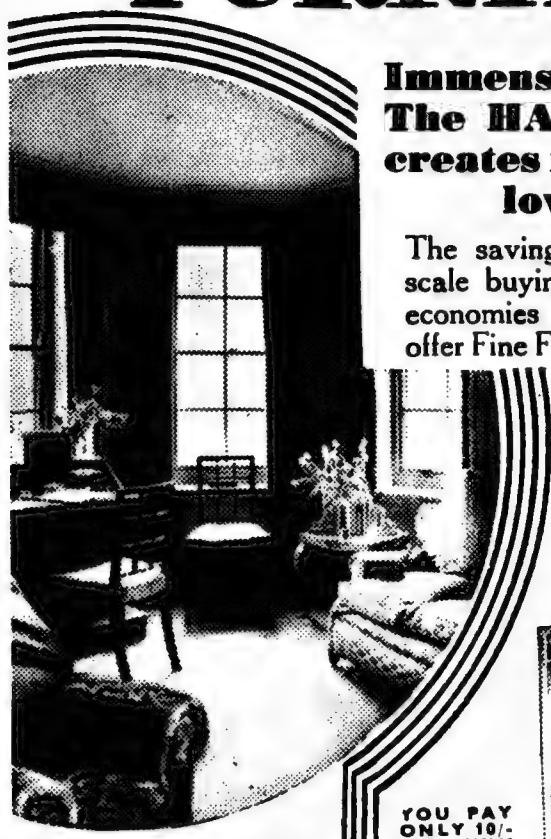

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THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST

MADE IN CANADA

Q71a

"MONEYMANIA"

(Continued from page 22)

"So he left it to her and she gave him pale green walls, 'surgical' furniture . . ."

silly I wouldn't take money from you."

"But I'd like to do it for you," he persisted. "I'd like to make you happy."

She looked at him sorrowfully. "There's only one thing you could do to make me happy—and you know what that is."

"Marry you?"

She nodded, tears in her eyes. "We've been engaged for five years now," she reminded him.

Albert said, unhappily, "I know. And I want to marry you, you know that. But I wanted to make good first—and it's uphill work. I don't feel I can afford to take on the expense of a wife yet, you know that."

She wanted to plead with him that she wouldn't cost him much; she wasn't much of a one for clothes or going about; she'd be only too happy to live simply.

She thought of him throwing away thirty-five guineas on a vase, and knew that he had paid twelve guineas a week rent for his flat.

Three lines

But she said nothing; she knew his answer to all this—that he had to live smartly and expensively like this, because it was part of the career he had mapped out for himself; if he didn't live like that he couldn't achieve what he wanted, wouldn't be able to entertain the fashionable and famous people he depended on for a living.

He could afford an expensive flat because it was an expense that helped him, whereas the expense of a wife would be merely a drag on him.

Elsie was very unhappy. There couldn't be anyone for her but Albert. All her dreams were wrapped up in him. She wanted him, and a nice little home, and children, and to be Mrs. Albert Atkins, and be proud of him, seeing the photographs he took reproduced in the papers—such nice, artistic pictures—and to be able to say, "My husband took that picture!"

After that visit to "Adrian Arrow's" flat, which she thought was Albert Atkins', she became depressed and had fits of crying.

One day a few weeks after that visit, under a two-column report of a society wedding—among those present was Adrian Arrow, the well-known photographer—there were three lines, "Girl Found Gassed."

It was an Elsie Green, aged twenty-eight, daughter of a Streatham tobacconist. She had left a note to her parents saying that nobody was to blame, it was only that she was tired of life and had nothing to live for.

At the inquest the coroner asked her mother if the girl had any love affair that was worrying her. The mother sobbed, "No; she was engaged to a nice young man, and had been seeing him regularly—he had come to the house the night before the tragedy, and she knew for a fact that there was no quarrel."

The coroner did not think it necessary to call the girl's fiancé. He returned a verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind. Young women of twenty-eight who were unmarried were apt to become morbid and neurotic; he himself believed in short engagements and early marriages, but that was neither here nor there.

To Albert the mother sobbed, over and over again, "I can't think why she should have done it. After you'd gone that night she had supper with dad and me, and then sat looking at some illustrated magazines dad had brought in.

"She used to look out for your name under the pictures you took, you know, though of course you haven't done much of that sort of work lately."

Bloodstains

Sick with a secret fear, Albert made a point of going through the magazines Elsie had looked at the night before she died. They were old issues, and contained the pictures of himself as Adrian Arrow, the well-known photographer, engaged to Miss Sonia Filson, editress of *The Fashionable World.*

In the same issues there were pictures of his studio and his flat, so that there could have been no doubt left in poor Elsie's mind that Adrian Arrow and her Albert Atkins were one and the same. . . .

The day after the inquest Albert walked into Sonia's office with misery in his heart and murder in his eyes.

"You and I are both murderers," he said.

She stared at him. "Are you drunk? Or merely mad?" she demanded.

"I'm not drunk," he told her, "and I'm sane for the first time since I started being 'fashionable.'" He spat the word at her. "You killed Elsie Green," he said, "and last night I killed Adrian Arrow. If I hadn't killed him I should have had to have killed you."

"What on earth do you mean? You ought to be thanking your lucky stars that your name was kept out of the inquest. If it had been dragged in, it would have been the end of Adrian Arrow."

Albert Atkins went over to Sonia and gripped her shoulders. "You're like all the rest of them," he said, "rotten through and through. Rotten with vanity, rotten with money. Money killed Albert Atkins, as surely as it killed Elsie Green, as surely as it kills everything that's beautiful—and decent.

"Money does that—kills decency, kills love, kills the artist in a man, kills his soul. 'Let's be engaged,' you said. 'It doesn't mean anything, but it's all publicity.'

Revolt . . .

"And the money-grabbing thing in me was stronger than the love in me, and I did what you said. The girl who loved me was never to know—but old sins have long shadows—and the last shadow is death. Money can buy everything, but the price is death—the death of decency, the death of love, the death of everything that's worth having in life.

"It gets hold of you and poisons you, it turns you rotten, and in the end something in you dies—as Elsie died, as Albert Atkins died. . . ."

"Aren't you," said Sonia, writhing away from his grip on her shoulders, "being a little melodramatic?"

He released her and turned away. "I didn't expect you to understand," he said. "That's another thing that money does to one—takes the heart out of you so that you can't feel or understand any more. . . .

"When I came in here I wanted to kill you, but you're not worth it. Albert Atkins stands a good chance of rising from the dead, and you're not worth the sacrifice of his life. Adrian Arrow is dead—that's all you need to know—and no flowers by request. Good-bye."

Sonia smiled. She knew. Albert Atkins might with all his heart wish Adrian Arrow dead, but once in the grip of the money-machine always in it. Adrian Arrow would go on because Albert Atkins hadn't the courage to go back, to be poor again, and nobody. And because money-making, and the life that money buys, becomes a habit.

In fiction, Albert Atkins would have gone back to "the old folks at home" in a house-in-a-row, and taken to making artistic pictures of sunlight and shadow again, and known the luxury of feeling himself to be poor-but-honest, a decent human being again.

In actual fact, Albert Atkins did nothing of the kind; he hated Adrian Arrow, but Adrian Arrow was his livelihood, and, in the course of time, life being what it is, he married Sonia Filson, and lived neither happily nor unhappily ever after.

For in the mess we have made of civilisation money buys everything—including forgetfulness.

NEXT WEEK:

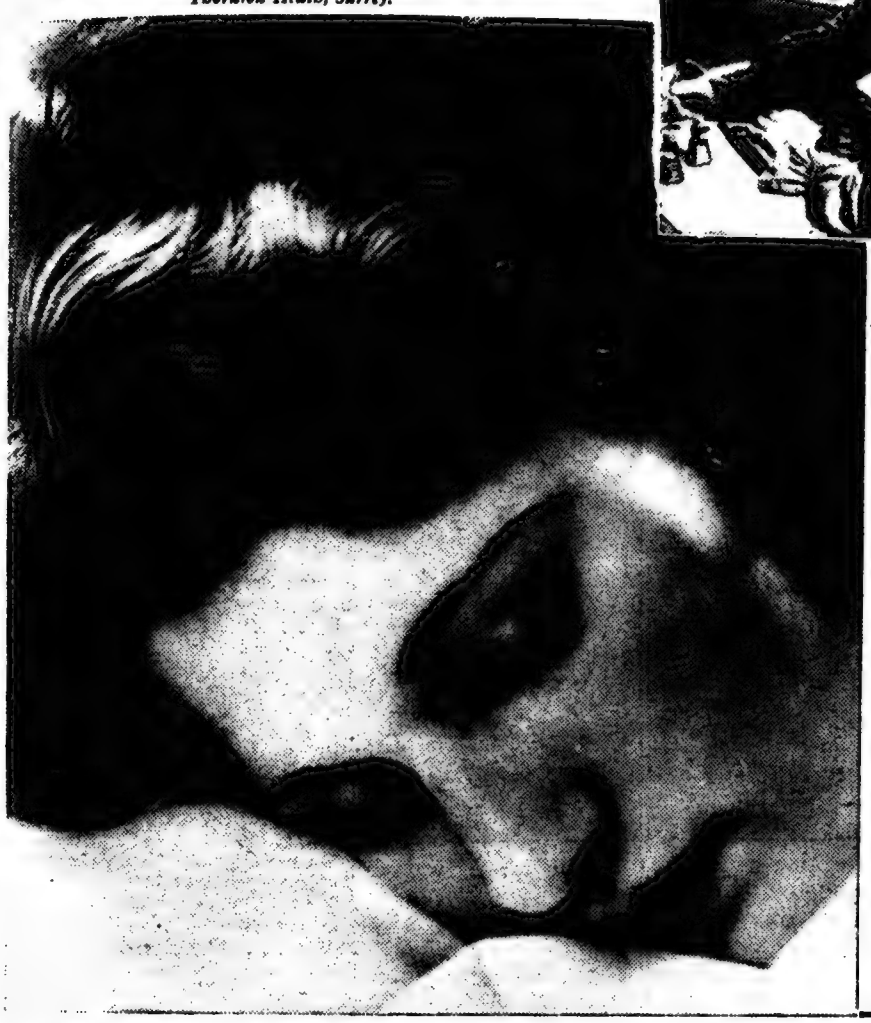
LOUIS GOLDING,

who wrote "Magnolia Street," contributes a story in which he depicts

Film Idolatry

as the deadliest sin of the age

"I am a designer, and often when articles are wanted urgently for "Press" I have to work until 12 and 1 o'clock for several nights at a stretch. It is on these occasions that Horlick's is such a friend! I take it when going to bed, and find it so wonderfully soothing that I go off to sleep in no time." EVELYN BONELLA, *19, Richmond Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.*



Sound sleep at night gives you energy for to-morrow . . .

How much sleep do you need?

This question can only be answered individually, for the *amount* of sleep required by each person varies.

But scientists have made this discovery — that *depth* of sleep matters more than length. *Sound* sleep, they say, is necessary to give the body complete relaxation so that it can build up new energy.

Make sound sleep a habit

And there is an easy way to make sure of getting this restful sleep regularly each night — by drinking a hot cupful of Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime. Its comforting warmth penetrates your whole system. A gentle, soothing, digestive process is set in action — soon you grow deliciously drowsy, and soon you are soundly asleep.

Try taking Horlick's to-night! Notice how much better you sleep — how much more energetic you feel on waking. Chemists and grocers have it in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

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HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

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BRITISH THROUGHOUT

GRATEFUL FREEDOM FROM AN IRKSOME DISCOMFORT

False teeth made comfortable at last

It is the small things of life which cause the most worry. A cut finger or a grazed knee seems to try the patience far more than a more serious or deep-rooted injury. In the same way the continual discomfort of an unpleasant-tasting denture in the mouth, small though it may seem at first, soon begins to cloud the entire day. It is a thing you cannot escape from or forget. In these days of skilled dental mechanics the trouble seldom lies in the fitting of the denture—false teeth are generally made nowadays to fit perfectly in the mouth of the wearer. Discomfort is far more often caused by the denture not being kept perfectly clean. The efficient cleansing of dentures still presents a very real problem to hundreds of people, and the news that there is now a simple method of ensuring the perfect cleansing of false teeth is still *real* news. The secret which thousands have already learned is the use of Milton. This well-known disinfectant cleanser deals with false teeth far more thoroughly and efficiently than any tooth-brush. All that is need I is to leave the denture for half an hour in a solution of half a tumblerful of water and half a teaspoonful of Milton. On being taken out, the denture is found not only spotlessly clean and free from any suspicion of grease, but it also gives, as a correspondent writes, "a gloriously fresh sensation in the mouth." Milton cannot harm any denture which is free of base metal—as all good dentures must be. A bottle of Milton can be bought at any chemist's for 6d.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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"Simply full of IRON—
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That dull, fagged feeling means your system isn't getting enough iron. You can put that right by taking a *daily* ration of iron in these luscious SUN-MAID RAISINS. Grocers and stores everywhere sell them.

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(GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.)

REVELATIONS of a Stowaway-de-Luxe

by RAYMOND LA RAVIERE

Raymond la Raviere, the stowaway who played a millionaire's part on this great liner "Olympic"

ALL the stowaways I have ever heard about always led a dog's life. But that was before I took a hand at the game myself.

They hid away in stokeholds or coils of rope, stealing about at night like rats in search of crusts. Sometimes they were slowly starved or asphyxiated in battened-down holds.

But when I came to England from New York as a penniless stowaway recently I suffered none of these things.

In fact, I crossed the Atlantic on the luxury liner *Olympic* as the boon companion of millionaires. I smoked Coronas with as much honest enjoyment as they, although they must have wondered why I was always finishing my cigars and never starting.

The secret lay in the ash-tray. My cigars began at the point where theirs left off.

I think I, without a cent in my pocket, felt as much at ease as any of the thirty "dollar millionaires" on the boat. I used all the resplendent lounges and smoke-rooms as I thought fit, joined in the general conversation, and at least once heard myself described as a "very interesting passenger."

As the first stowaway-de-luxe, I suppose I was—though they didn't know it.

When I "talked big"

Oh! the breezy days I enjoyed on deck with my wealthy friends, and the balmy evenings amid gold and glitter talking wisely about things I didn't really understand.

I remember quoting my doctor on some health subject as though I had a private specialist to myself. I was listened to with respect by men who, I suppose, would have turned their backs on me if they'd known I was a down-and-out.

One fellow-passenger had a wonderful bathroom in his suite and wondered whether mine was as good. I told him "not quite."

Heavens, what would I have done if he had asked to see it! I could only have shown him a tin mug in which I had to carry out all my ablutions.

It was on January 11 last, after I had lost my job with General Motors owing to the slump, that I stood on Broadway, New York, and decided to be a stowaway-de-luxe.

The next day I read that thirty millionaires, including a member of the Morgan family, were embarking for England on the following day by the *Olympic*. I decided that it would be easy to hide among so many millionaires, and that the *Olympic* was the ship for me.

Getting on board was easy. They allow so many visitors in New York docks. But taking my two big suitcases with me was more difficult.

"I am to leave these bags on the ship for a man on that lighter over there," I told the man on the gangway. "He will call for them."

My luxury apartment

It worked! I walked off the ship to make my story seem more honest, and returned a few hours before the liner was due to sail.

That night, as the monster liner slowly woke to life to sail before dawn, I walked openly and confidently about as though I was one of the Rockefeller family.

First I searched for a cabin. I had the luck to drop across a third-class family state-room down in the third-class—usually little used in winter—that was packed with at least forty unwanted mattresses and twice as many pillows.

Before going out to say my farewell to the receding lights of New York I rearranged them so that I could sleep among them without being seen from the door. Then I went to the first-class rooms to make friends.

When I went down again to sleep after two hours' conversation on the top deck, it was to sink into the warmest and springiest bed on the Atlantic.

But the next morning! I felt as seasick as man could possibly be. And somehow I lost faith in my plan and went out in my best suit to give myself up.

I had actually reached the millionaires' deck to do so when a passenger—I think he must have been one of the thirty mentioned in the New York paper—asked me to take a brisk walk round with him.

Within ten minutes I was sitting in a deck-chair hearing high finance from people who really understood it, and myself making comments on Wall Street that stamped me as a man in the know.

At that moment I realised that my scheme was an easy winner. I decided to go on to the end.

That night I blew the richest blue smoke into the air of the smoke-room and discoursed on mass production. How glad I was that there are people who throw half-smoked cigars away.

"You seem quite an authority on your subject," said one of my companions. And so I am, as a man who has helped to mass-produce cars for years—with a lacquer brush.

I told one man that certain motor-car stock was well worth buying. He made a note of my reasons. I hope my guess is correct.

My rich friends were always puzzled because I would go anywhere except into the dining-room. Whenever they asked me whether I was going down to lunch or dinner I made excuses. When one asked a direct question I was forced to lie.

"Fact is," I said, "my tummy's a bit groggy. Have to eat special things, you know. So I prefer to go down when there's no crowd."

If he had known that I was only having one meal a day, got by dressing in my oldest suit and going up to the mess and pretending to be a worker on board!

Surreptitiously I used to steal out of the mess with little bits of meat that I could eat when hunger tortured me in the loneliness of my state-room. But lonely . . . Well, perhaps that is hardly fair.

I must be just to my private band of three musicians.

The hidden orchestra

Every night three members of the crew used to come down to an adjoining cabin for a sing-song to a concertina accompaniment. "That's My Baby" and "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountains" were their specialities.

There were enough Mammy songs to make me want never to see a grey-haired woman again. And yet they made me homesick. And I found myself seized with a longing to rush out and join in their fun.

Then there was the ship's watchman, who came round with the torchlight every night and peered into my cabin. My heart would stand still until I saw the light flash out and I heard him go away humming.

I was playing my dual rôle of millionaire and sailor until Cherbourg came in sight and I got my biggest fright of the trip. The ship did not berth, but was met by a tender. And on the tender were official eyes scrutinising every passenger.

What if it should be the same at Southampton?

It wasn't. But the official eyes were there all the same, watching the landing gangway.

"This is the end," I said sadly, seeing how keen they were. But then I saw another gangway down which laundry was being taken, and did some quick thinking.

I won through

It meant leaving all my luggage, but it had to be. Changing into my oldest suit, I dashed down this other gangway.

"Wot's all the shoving?" said a voice.

"Sorry," I replied, and all danger was over.

True, I have done a month in Wormwood Scrubs as a result. But that was because I gave myself up on finding I could not get a job in London without proper papers. I wasn't caught.

And not only did they treat me well there, but I used to chuckle so loud and so often in my cell over my adventures as the millionaire stowaway that the warders wanted to know the joke!

They say:—

"The pen is an exceptional gift which I shall be proud to use."
A.C.B., King's Cross.

"I am greatly pleased with the wallet." *N.S., Crewe.*

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The "Apollo" self-filling pen. 14 ct. gold nib. Beautifully modelled and finished. Gives smooth even writing.
200 COUPONS

Write to Nestlé's (Gift Department), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8, for the Gift Book.

High praise for the gift—high praise for the chocolate. One good thing brings another. Begin with the very best chocolate to-day—and soon you will be rejoicing in the possession of a beautiful Nestlé's gift. In every packet of Nestlé's Chocolate, from the twopenny wrapped bars upwards, you will find a coupon or coupons, and they mount up surprisingly quickly.

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

And it had to be good, nourishing food to satisfy these old-time toilers by the salmon river.
"Go for the Middle Cut," Cap'n West always said. "You know where to cut a York ham or a tender leg of mutton for juicy flavour—it's just the same with salmon. Middle Cut gives you richness and redness and fine flavour—salmon at its glorious best." Remember that when you're really hungry!

INSIST ON THE BEST . . *AND BUY*

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

Pelling, Stanley & Company Limited, Liverpool and 41 Eastcheap, London

IW 48-172

GAMAGES GREAT WIRELESS OFFER!

DETEX "FIRESIDE V" PORTABLE

OFFERED AT LESS THAN MAKER'S PRICE.

* Contained in an extremely handsome cabinet, having every appearance of Cowhide covering. Attractive modern design.
* Circuit includes **five British Valves & British Batteries.** Fitted with handle and turntable.
* **POWERFUL SELECTIVE**
With this set you can bring in British & foreign stations with perfect clarity.
* **NO EARTH NO AERIAL**

MAKER'S PRICE
£8 : 8 : 0
Gamage's Price
£5 : 5 : 0
Or 12 monthly payments of 9/9

GAMAGES
HOLBORN, E.C.1.
and 107 Cheapside, E.C.

BEER
(ALE & STOUT)

Try this wonderful beverage, genuine "Oambroo" Beer . . . quickly made at home in the simplest way. "Viggormalt" is a pure concentrated extract of

RICH MALT & CHOICE HOPS ONLY
YEAST SUPPLIED FREE WITH EACH TIN, also SIMPLE DIRECTIONS.

Save money and enjoy the superior flavour and invigorating quality of "Viggormalt," PERFECT "OAMBROO" BEER and it will do you GOOD.

VIGGORMALT
IS A 100% TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, International Stores, and all Chemists and Grocers.

State whether for Ale or Stout when ordering.

1/- Trial Tin Makes 1 Gallon.
2/6 .... Tin Makes 3 Gallons.
5/6 .... Tin Makes 8 Gallons.
9/- .... Tin Makes 13 Gallons.

Post free U.K. Colonial and foreign postage extra. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to
VIGGORMALT, LTD., Dept. 4L, Bavigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

NO MILLING MASHING BOILING or FILTERING

I want my SCOTT'S!

Give your children the best strength-maker money can buy—Scott's Emulsion. Its vitamin-rich cod liver oil builds the body and strengthens the lungs.

It saves a child from coughs, colds, influenza and bronchial troubles. But, it must be *genuine*.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

I've never had Indigestion since drinking Ty-PHOO Tea and I get many more cups to the lb. too!

15,000 Doctors recommend

Ty. Phoo "Leaf-Edge" TEA

★**SEND** *for* **SAMPLE** *and* **SEE!**

40,000 Dealers stock it.

If yours does not, send 1½d. stamp with your name and address for SAMPLE to:—

SUMNER'S TY-PHOO TEA LTD., BIRMINGHAM

A.W.

WIFE *or* CHILD

—Which should He SAVE?

Human Documents

probed by

PHILIP INMAN

ONE of my correspondents, after telling me about his difficulty, finished his letter by saying: "This is a ticklish problem for you!" I agree that it was. But his is not the only one. They come to me by every post. Here are just a few of them that reached me on the same day:

If it is a matter of life and death, should a man save his wife or his only child? If a bather at the seaside gets into difficulties, is an onlooker who cannot swim called upon to go to the rescue? If a girl is engaged to be married and her young man has an accident which cripples him for life, should she marry him?

I think my readers will admit that these are "ticklish problems." But they are all interesting and, I think, well worth discussing. I will deal with them in the order mentioned. My first correspondent writes:

"I wonder if you can assist me in solving a question that has been haunting me for some considerable time. Briefly, it is this: I was on holiday at the seaside with my wife and only child, and one day we took a boat out.

Wife Comes First

"About a quarter of a mile from the shore we got into difficulties and our boat capsized. Fortunately, help was near at hand, or I should have been called upon to make this terrible decision—which should I attempt to save, my wife or my child?

"Neither of them could swim, and to save them both would have been impossible. I suppose that a man's first thoughts should be for his wife, but in many cases mother love would prevail and the woman would desire to sacrifice herself for her child.

"Obviously, the remedy is to refrain from boating, but even then the emergency might arise in other ways, and it may be necessary to face it without any previous warning. I should very much like to hear your views."

I hope sincerely that none of my readers will ever be called upon to make such a terrible decision. But as my correspondent says, an emergency might arise—not only on the sea, but in the case of an accident or of fire. If it does, what ought one to do?

I think without doubt the wife should come first. Every effort, of course, should be made to save both lives, but if one must be sacrificed surely it should be the child's.

The other day I was talking with a maternity specialist who has brought thousands of babies into the world. He was telling me about some of his difficult cases. There were times when he found it impossible to save both the mother and baby. "What do you do then?" I asked him. Without the slightest hesitation he replied, "I save the mother."

My correspondent may say that the two cases are not parallel. I agree. In the one there has scarcely been a separate existence; in the other the child has lived with them and has become part and parcel of their very lives.

But taking everything into account the wife should come first. And if *I* had to choose I should seek to save her.

I should like to compliment my next correspondent on the vivid way he has presented his problem.

"It is a beautiful afternoon, and I am sitting on the sands at the seaside. A solitary bather—a young girl—has just passed me on her way to brave the briny. As I watch her I am chilled by a sudden fear.

Life Thrown Away

"Supposing she is reckless enough to get out of her depth? I am the only person within sight or sound, and I cannot swim an inch. Here is my problem, which, at the moment, is a very real one to me: Would it be my duty to go to her rescue and inevitably throw away my own life, or should I be justified in turning a deaf ear to her cry for help?"

I think there is only one possible answer. Every sane person knows the dangers of bathing, and if that girl deliberately swims out of her depth, she takes her own life in her hands.

My correspondent cannot swim. It would be sheer folly for him to go directly to her aid. What use would he be in the sea?

On the other hand, he could not sit there and ignore her cries. What he must do is to rush away to the nearest place where he might obtain assistance. That is his plain, in fact his only, duty.

And my last letter is rather a pathetic document. It comes from a girl who tells me that last Christmas Day she became engaged to be married. The future seemed radiant in its promise.

Then, only a few days later, her young man was in a busy thoroughfare when a horse drawing a large van shied and bolted down the street. He tried to stop it, but in the attempt he slipped and fell and the van passed over him, injuring him seriously. He has been in the hospital ever since.

And this girl goes on: "The doctors say he will always be a cripple, unlikely ever to walk again. When he knew this, he offered to give me my freedom, but at the time I would not hear of it.

"Now I am beginning to wonder whether he was not right, after all. You see, he might worry terribly if he married me and could not keep me. And I am beginning to wonder, too, whether I should ever have the patience to bear it all.

"I feel my position keenly, and should be so grateful if you could assist me to reach a decision."

It is tragic to think that through his courageous act this young fellow "will always be a cripple." Fate has indeed dealt him a cruel blow. But should his girl marry him?—that is the question.

She Must Be Sure

There are some people who can marry a confirmed invalid and be happy. The mothering instinct is strong within them. They find all they need in ministering to the one they love. But it is not an easy existence.

My girl correspondent is herself in doubt as to whether she could do it. But why make the decision now? It is still early days. It is only a month or two since their engagement and since the accident. Why not wait, say, for twelve months. She would then know her own mind better.

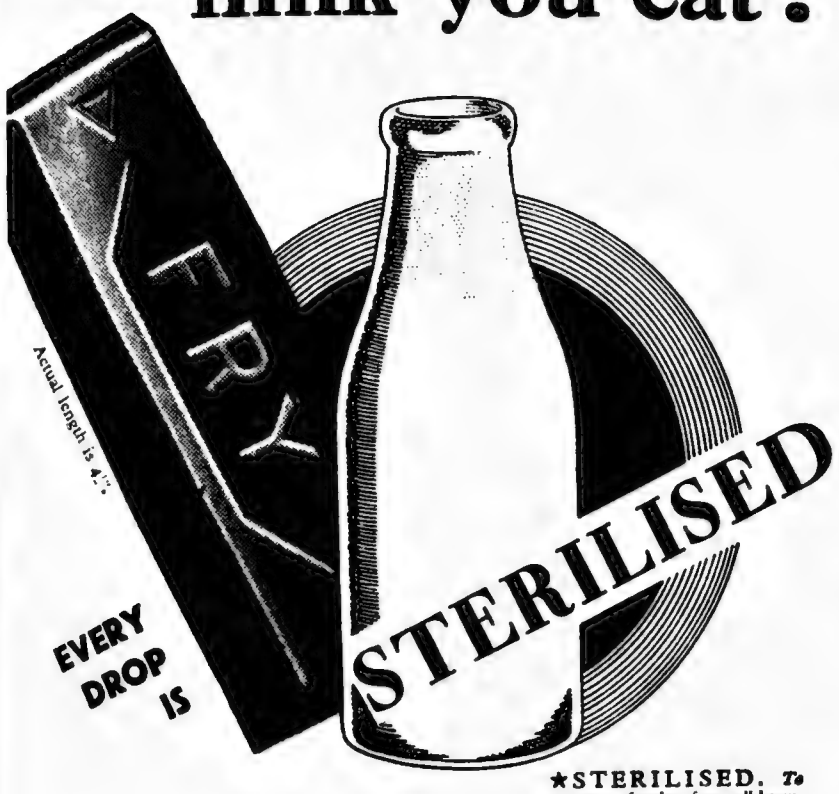
I like the sound of her young man. He is a big-hearted soul. His offer to release her from her engagement proves that. I hope that happiness will come to him.

But his girl must be absolutely sure. Better for him to have one disappointment than to have to live with someone who regrets ever marrying him.

PHILIP INMAN is "John Bull's" "Humanist." He is eager to help you to solve the problem which is troubling you. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

He looks down and wonders.... The mother's life is the more precious, "Humanist" says

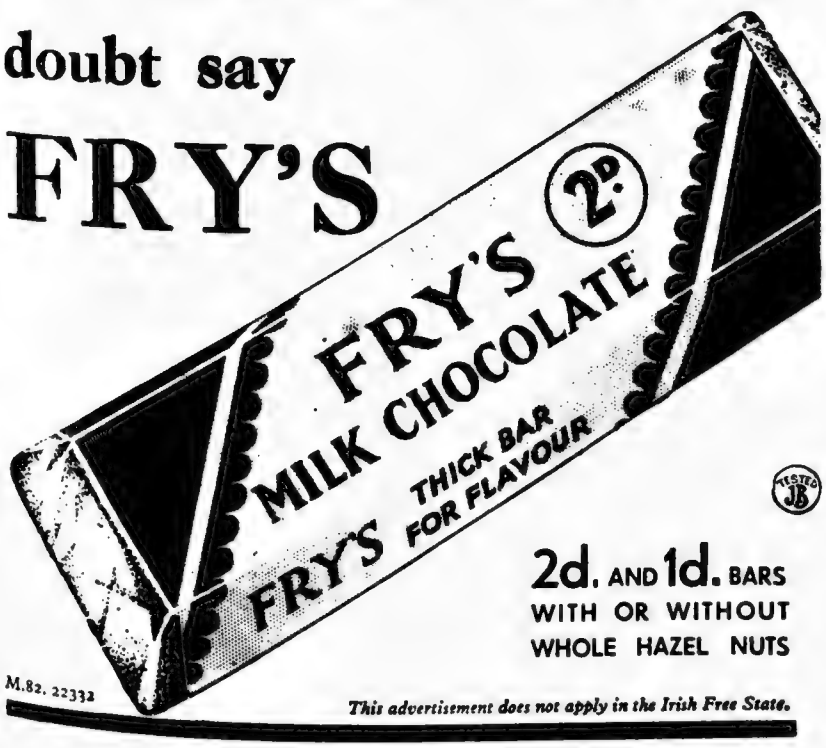
FRY'S take no chances with the milk you eat!



★STERILISED. *To ensure freedom from all harmful bacilli.*

You can eat and enjoy a BIG THICK bar of Fry's delicious milk chocolate in absolute safety. Health authorities say "Be careful about the milk you drink." Well, Fry's are being extra careful about the milk you eat. Before milk is fit for Fry's Milk Chocolate its safety must be a certainty. Its integrity infallible—every drop is STERILISED before it is used. You can buy Fry's large, thick bars either wrapped or unwrapped.

For milk that's beyond a doubt say FRY'S



2d. AND 1d. BARS WITH OR WITHOUT WHOLE HAZEL NUTS

M.82. 22332

This advertisement does not apply in the Irish Free State.

Cosmetics *hide* Anæmia— why not *banish* it!

PALE LIPS, PALE CHEEKS, BETRAY THE VICTIM OF ANÆMIA.

Cosmetics make these signs less conspicuous, but a Doctor will readily discover your true state of health from the pallor of your gums and the inner surface of your eyelids. (SEE "Symptoms of Anæmia," below.)

DOCTORS say that a large proportion of their patients are Anæmic Subjects.

The reason they give for the prevalence of Anæmia is sun-starvation and the insufficiency of blood-making food eaten by people to-day.

Symptoms of Anæmia

WEAKNESS & LANGUOR
BREATHLESSNESS
PALPITATION & FAINTNESS
HEADACHES. SLEEPLESSNESS & IRRITABILITY
DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.

ANÆMIA is an ailment of the moderns. Its cause is to be found in the artificiality of our existence—our food and our lack of sunshine and exercise.

Anæmia means poor blood, and Hall's Wine, which contains natural iron and vitamins of the grape together with valuable medicaments, is the finest of all tonic wines for enriching the blood. As a result people everywhere who know themselves to be Anæmic take Hall's Wine regularly and obtain relief from this most weakening and depressing complaint.

Free yourself from Anæmia. Know what it is to have richer blood and be really well. Healthy looks can be yours if you will only give your system the vital elements it needs and which Hall's Wine can give in abundance. Get a bottle of this excellent tonic wine to-day.

HALL'S WINE ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Large bottle 5/6; smaller size 3/3. Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists

★ *Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products*

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD.

THE ALADDIN'S LAMP OF TONICS.

Here is a Tonic which makes a new man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, life is worth living. It picks you up after the 'Flu or illness. It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—**"Fox Nuts" (the "Blue Lion" kind)**—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic (No. 632) and be normal in a few days. Prices **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 61), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C. 4, and Branches.

Leading Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, &c., either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

Ryders SEEDS

We are fortunate in having delightful Spring weather—ideal for sowing seeds.

April is the best sowing time

New and old customers are invited to post their orders immediately. The best seeds obtainable will be sent carefully packed the same day.

Our interesting *Catalogue* forwarded with pleasure, post free.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.

St. Albans

A meal in a moment!

COOKED TO PERFECTION: SWEET AND TENDER

There are many brands of Tinned Peas, but there is one brand of English Cooked Peas which stands alone——

Batchelor's Peas
COOKED ENGLISH
JB

For perfection of cooking and flavour, sweetness and tenderness, Batchelor's Cooked Peas are in a class apart. The family size serves five, the handy size serves three persons.

keep on BUYING BRITISH!

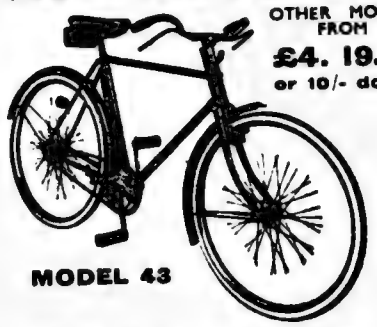
Ride a LIGHT Bicycle

A

ROYAL ENFIELD
"Made like a Gun."

At last! A genuine light weight bicycle at a price within the reach of all. Although low-priced it has a wonderful specification, including Dunlop 26 in. x 1 3/8 in. tyres, chromium plating, Terry spring saddle, all-weather pedals, light weight frame with forward drop-out wheels, etc.

CASH PRICE 5 GUINEAS.



OTHER MODELS FROM £4. 19. 6. or 10/- down.

MODEL 43

Cut out and post the coupon to-day for copy of our Free Catalogue and Gradual Payment Form.

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD., REDDITCH
Send Catalogue D.1.
.....
.....

My BREACH of PROMISE TORTURE

by a Girl who Sued— and Won

I AM the *victim* of a breach of promise action. A jury awarded me £500 damages against a man who jilted me after ten years of courtship, but to get it I went through such tortures of humiliation that far outweighed any compensation that damages could bring me.

Even some of my friends pity me, and not a few despise me, for having tried to vindicate myself, for trying to obtain some compensation for my wasted youth.

Each day I curse the impulse which finally persuaded me to go to law. If my sufferings and experience will warn other girls to avoid breach of promise actions, they will not have been altogether in vain.

I had a lovers' quarrel with my fiancé. For years I had tolerated his fits of jealousy without complaint. In the end I allowed myself to become a little jealous of him and he didn't like it.

The morning after our difference I received a brief note from him telling me he did not care for me any longer and that our engagement was at an end. He had met someone he loved more than me and intended to marry her.

That letter was the farewell to ten long years of courtship and hope. As I read the cold and callous words, I felt as if the roof of the world had fallen about my head. Dreams of my own home and a family, of the love of my husband, vanished with sickening rapidity.

She looks out of the pay desk and sees life hurrying by, leaving her filled with loneliness and bitter regret . . .

I wanted revenge

I had been jilted. I was alone in the world, an object of pity for some, of contempt for others.

My first reaction was one of mad fury. My mother took my side. She urged me to go straight to a lawyer and start proceedings at once.

My father was different. He reminded me that I was still young and attractive, and that life was full of ups and downs. I was, he urged, well rid of a man who could forsake me after ten years of promises and deceit.

I would not listen. All I could bring to mind was that I had been jilted and that I must get some compensation for my wounded pride and self-esteem. And I brought my breach of promise action.

I quarrelled with my father about it. But now I realise he was right. By going to law I injured my pride and self-esteem far more than if I had kept quiet and suffered in silence.

And yet at the time it seemed too hard to suffer so. I was thirty-one when my fiancé broke off the engagement. He was thirty-three. I had made all preparations for our home: all my savings had been spent on buying things for the "bottom drawer." For years I had stinted myself of luxuries and pleasures in anticipation of the happy days to come.

What made my memories all the more bitter was that because of my fits of insane jealousy I shut myself off from the rest of the world. At my job at the pay-desk I was severely business-like.

By the time I was thirty, I hardly knew any young man of my own age, my isolation was so complete.

No wonder I went to court. But now I wish now I had not done so.

Yet, at the time, as I say, I wanted redress. I was tortured with jealousy. I was mad with a sense of outraged pride.

I now know I was wrong. I ought to have listened to my father. No monetary damages can ever pay for a broken heart. And if I had wanted really to show my contempt for my fiancé's conduct I should have ignored his existence as completely as he ignored mine.

But at that moment I felt as if the world held nothing for me. The best of my youth was gone. I knew my enemies were laughing at me because I had been jilted: my friends were full of the sort of pity that hurts when you are unhappy.

My lawyers told me I had a definite action for breach of promise of marriage—my engagement ring, dozens of letters, tokens of all kinds. I was told it would be plain sailing.

Now I am rather suspicious of what lawyers call straightforward cases. They are straightforward until you go before a judge and jury and opposing barristers get up to cross-examine you.

Moreover, the whole atmosphere of the court was flippant. The room was filled with gaping spectators, who wandered in to enjoy the fun because they had nothing else to do. I realised that many of them were sniggering over the intimate details of my story.

I bitterly remember the laughter which interrupted the proceedings when the defending barrister chose to be facetious at my expense. They thought my wasted youth a good joke.

On the rack

Then I realised that when a girl brings a breach of promise action she must be prepared to stand in the pillory. That is one of life's little ironies.

I shall never forget the agony of those awful hours in court.

When I was cross-examined I might have been the leading actress in a farce rather than a tired and unhappy woman looking for some sort of redress for ten years of fidelity to a man who had jilted her.

The newspapers gave my story columns of space and glaring headlines. The part where I was referred to as an adventuress merely out for money in the guise of marriage was printed in big type.

I began to feel that I was the guilty party. That is the way every sensitive woman must feel once she has embarked on a breach of promise action.

If I had known I would not have gone through the ordeal for all the money in the world. I wanted to vindicate myself. I did. But at what a price!

Ban the prying!

The memories of those sordid details of those letters read in court, of the hundred and one private matters which were publicly discussed at great length make me shudder even now.

Surely the victims of unlucky love affairs should be spared all this added pain. The law prohibits the publication of details of divorce cases. Why not extend the ban to breach of promise?

The divorce court is no more a place of scandal and heartbreak than are the courts in which judge and jury listen to the tales of courtship which never comes to fulfilment.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Fight Goes On . . .

ETHEL'S dad had to be operated upon after demobilisation, and has been a sick man since. He has been out of work for four years, though he is a "trier."

His wife contracted tuberculosis, probably through lack of sufficient nourishment. She was sent to a sanatorium for six months' treatment, and at that time her husband was ordered to leave their house because he was in arrears with his rent.

There are three children—Ethel, aged eight, who, her dad states, is "a little heroine"; the eldest boy, seven, who underwent several operations when he was two, with the result that his nerves and eyes are badly affected; the youngest child is four.

They lost a baby girl of three months old, who died in her dad's arms while her mother had gone out to pawn her wedding-ring for money to provide the treatment ordered by the doctor to try to save her.

With so much sickness in the family, Ethel's dad is not only worried because he is threatened with eviction for arrears of rent, but has many doctor's bills weighing on his mind. "It is very rare," he says, "that we get a good meal, unless we run into more debt for it."

He had never had a day's illness before he went to France in 1915. Now he finds it a hard battle to pull himself together to avert a collapse. He has no pension, and 29s. 3d. is the family's weekly income.

Our readers can easily picture the tragedy Ethel's dad is passing through, and such help as they can send for his case, as well as for the many families on our waiting list, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

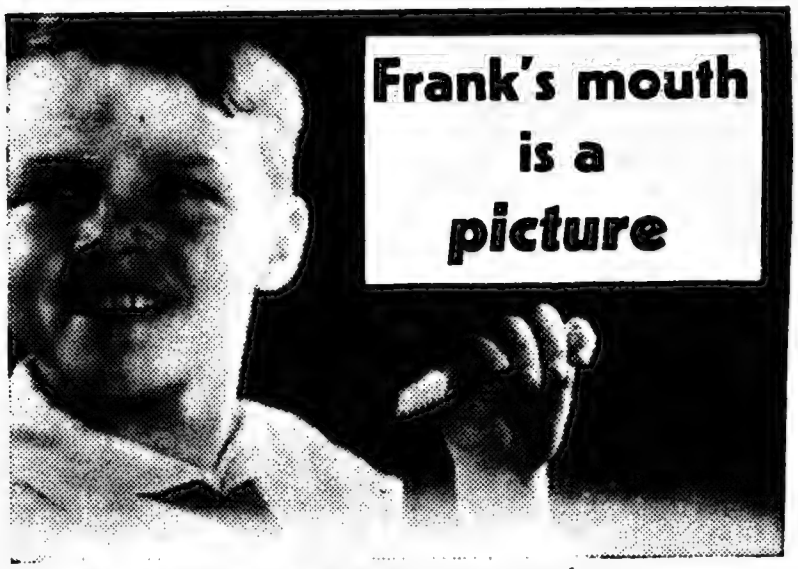
Where name and address are given, subscriptions will be acknowledged by post.

"No, no medicine" he said, "but a cup of FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS every night will soon put him right"

7½d Per ½ lb.

4 FOODS IN 1

This price does not apply to the Irish Free State.



he just loves this *thorough* cleansing dentifrice . . .

Young Frank goes at his teeth with Colgate's to keep off aches and decay. Colgate's finds the smallest crevice where a particle of food might start trouble, and washes it clean. That is why more dentists advise this toothpaste.

Large Size 1/-
Medium Size 6d.

MADE IN ENGLAND

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1. Send post card (1d. postage)

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The Handy Pocket Tins of

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE

are now on sale
2oz 1'4D 4oz 2'8D

P.D.6.A

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Reduce the cost of Walking!

'Joy-ped' Stick-on Soles.
Ladies' 1/6 per pr.
Men's 2/6 per pr.
Including Phillips Special Solution.

'Joy-ped' Nail-on Soles.
Ladies' 1/3 per pr.
Men's 1/11 per pr.

Get PHILLIPS Rubber Heels at the same time.

'Joy-Ped' Rubber Soles give wonderful wear at a low price!

Phillips 'Joy-Ped' Stick-on Soles make shoes waterproof.

They benefit your health, comfort and pocket.

You can fix them so easily.

They must be Phillips—
Joy-ped
RUBBER SOLES
MADE IN ENGLAND

EVERY CLASS of BET CATERED FOR

COMPLETE THE BIG TWO SERVICE WITH A GUARANTEE OF WINNINGS BY RETURN

RACING

SINGLE EVENTS—NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE.

Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, and Systems—all accepted.

TOTALISATOR ODDS to Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

THE OFFICIAL TOTE DAILY DOUBLE

FOOTBALL

Fourteen "CHALLENGER" Lists to choose from. Nothing Barred—Nothing Starred in the Six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

FIXED PRICE LISTS AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR.

Send at once for full particulars of our service.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Kick Out THESE ALIEN CROOKS!

In they come, these foreign rogues, every week on the "No passport" trips—and once in, they stay in

THIS country is becoming more than ever the happy hunting-ground for alien crooks, who defy all efforts on the part of our authorities to keep them under control.

London alone is at present sheltering nearly four hundred foreigners of questionable character, the majority of whom are here without permission, while some are actually known criminals who have already been deported several times

The ease with which the more determined aliens get back again after deportation is illustrated by the fact that a recent share fraud was engineered by a man who was officially banished in 1928 for similar offences.

He had crept back unnoticed, and was away again before his latest escapade attracted attention.

* * *

One past-master in the art of dodging our port authorities is a Greek named Samuel Singbon. Deported as far back as 1916 for frauds perpetrated in London, he has since regained admittance to this country half a dozen times.

When arrested again recently he was found to have a dozen passports in his possession, describing him by varying names and nationalities.

Arrested with him was a man named Israel Medvonek, who has already been flung out of the country once, but who got back with a false passport issued to him in Rio de Janeiro.

London and big seaports like Cardiff, Liverpool and Hull are swarming with Greek crooks just now, most of them engaged in white slave traffic.

The offenders in long-firm frauds are nearly always aliens, and the losses to honest British traders in this respect alone total many hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly.

One City firm was recently defrauded of six hundred diamond rings. They passed into the hands of an alien who has no authority to be in this country at all.

Paris police are at present in touch with Scotland Yard regarding three dangerous criminals who held up a Paris bank and fled with a big cash haul after shooting a cashier.

They are known to be in England. Ordinary week-end tickets, "no passports" required, gained them entry.

Over £12,000 was involved in the operations of a gang, some members of which recently appeared at the Old Bailey for organised motor-car thefts.

This one indictment covered the theft of fifty cars; several aliens, here without permission, are behind the scenes.

Shareholders in this country have lost something like £300,000 in an ill-fated concern called Little Wadhurst Farm, Ltd.—chiefly through the machinations of an American rogue named Henry Mather, who directed operations from behind the scenes.

* * *

Mather disappeared when official enquiry was being directed into the company's affairs, and it was generally believed that he had gone back to his native land.

But our alien limpets are not so easily shaken off. We happen to know that Mather is still in England, planning further raids on the pockets of British investors.

Recently an advertisement calling for £300 investors appeared in the Press, application being invited to a man named Gay.

Actually, applicants have received a communication from Henry Mather, of 33, Gloucester Street, London, S.W., asking them to call for an interview.

Further evidence of his present activities comes from another direction. Readers will recall that we recently criticised the Rainbow Club, of Blue Bell Hill, near Rochester, Kent, in connection with a "£20 for £1" investment offer.

Following our comments, the premises were raided by the police, who seized certain papers. Among those papers was a letter from Mather, written from an address in Jermyn Street, London.

It was couched in authoritative terms, spoke of a new advertisement that had been inserted, and gave instructions for every applicant to be enrolled on certain conditions.

Yet the resident manager declared to the authorities that Mather had "no official position and no shares" in the Rainbow Club.

* * *

Of course not! He never has. He issues his instructions from the background; but is quite content to interview £300 investors who have been advertised for in the name of "Gay."

Apart from the disastrous pig-farm venture we have mentioned, Mather has also been behind a rum-running scheme, and once, when he found it expedient to sojourn on the Continent, his regal habits earned him the nickname "The King of Deauville."

What is the secret of his immunity? Why is this alien bucket-shop operator, rum-runner, bankrupt and financial trickster not deported?

The fact that Mather—and countless others like him—can remain in our midst, enjoying our hospitality while pursuing scheme after scheme at the expense of British investors, shows how ludicrous our passport regulations have become.

Football Matches played on April 9

OUR EXPERT SELECTS

INTERNATIONAL MATCH.
England v. SCOTLAND, at Wembley.

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) WEST HAM v. Blackburn.
(2) Leicester v. EVERTON.
(3) VILLA v. Manchester C.
(4) BOLTON v. Derby.
*(5) WEDNESDAY v. Portsmouth.
(6) CHELSEA v. Sheffield U.
(7) GRIMSBY v. Blackpool.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Birmingham.
(9) Liverpool v. Arsenal.
(10) MIDDLESBROUGH v. W.B. Albion.
(11) NEWCASTLE v. Sunderland.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) BRADFORD v. Bury.
*(2) PRESTON v. Barnsley.
**(3) WOLVES v. Oldham.
(4) SOUTHAMPTON v. Notts.
(5) STOKE v. Plymouth.
(6) HOTSPUR v. Millwall.
(7) BURNLEY v. Swansea.
**(8) CHARLTON v. Bristol C.
(9) Chesterfield v. LEEDS.
(10) MANCHESTER U. v. Port Vale.
(11) Forest v. Bradford C.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) Palace v. Fulham.
(2) Q.P. Rangers v. READING.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Southend.
(4) Brighton v. Exeter.
*(5) BRISTOL v. Northampton.
(6) Orient v. Luton.
(7) Mansfield v. BRENTFORD.
*(8) NORWICH v. Coventry.
(9) SWINDON v. Gillingham.
(10) TORQUAY v. Cardiff.
*(11) WATFORD v. Thames.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) Rochdale v. LINCOLN.
(2) Carlisle v. Barrow.
(3) Accrington v. Gateshead.
*(4) CREWE v. Hull.
(5) Doncaster v. Chester.
(6) Rotherham v. Halifax.
**(7) SOUTHPORT v. Hartlepools.
(8) STOCKPORT v. Walsall.
(9) TRANMERE v. Darlington.
*(10) WREXHAM v. N. Brighton.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section.—11 (*H*); Northern Section.—1 (*A*) would indicate Wednesday, Wolverhampton, Watford, and Lincoln.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Epsom Hopes

IN the course of a week or so we shall be going down to Epsom with great hopes of spotting the winners of the Great Met. and the City and Sub.

Insurance, our Queen's Prize tip, ran a good race to finish second, and the price of 100 to 7 was remunerative to each-way backers, but I think he is overweighted at Epsom for the long-distance race.

Broken Ice is a likely one, and I have been told Summer Princess will win again. I intend, however, to take a chance with Blue Don

After watching the Queen's Prize I came to the conclusion that whatever beats Light o' Love will win the City and Suburban. I expect many more onlookers have the same opinion, so the price will not be too good. It may be better to take a chance with TOMMAME.

Don't forget Dooley for the Newbury Spring Cup.

Princeshee (5 to 1) and Dusty (100 to 30) was a heartening 25 to 1 double for the Code at Catterick.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 7, to Wednesday, April 13.

T A N G Q K P D C X Z H J S M L
89 87 86 85 84 83 V B R E F I U O Y W

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

RI87C85XC would read CHARGER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. BS2WXM would read DOOLEY.

AMAZING OFFER

BLUE SERGE SUITS

SEND ONLY 2/6

We have purchased the entire output of a Lancashire Mill, comprising hundreds of miles of **Blue Indigo Serge**, which has been made up into Men's Suits. This enables us to sell at the amazingly low price of **55/-**. Each suit is well cut and made by James Best's highly paid tailors in a smart double breasted style. **Guaranteed Fast Dye.** A suit you will be proud to wear. Obtainable on the most generous Credit Terms in the country.

JAMES BEST'S Price 55/- Please state height and Chest Measurements when ordering.

PRICE 55/-

Send for Patterns of Better Quality Suits.

HOW YOU PAY. Deposit 2/6 and 6d. for postage. Immediate Delivery of Suit. Pay Balance by Fortnightly Instalments of 4/-.

JAMES BEST LIMITED

Mark your Envelope or Postcard (DEPT. J.B.H.)

24-26, FEATHERSTONE ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

3 OUT OF 4 Women use Wrong Shade of Face Powder

Experts have shown that there are four distinctly different shades of skin, each requiring a different shade of face powder. By using the exact shade best suited to their skins, 3 out of 4 women might easily increase complexion beauty 100 per cent. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that stays on all day or evening indoors or out, in spite of wind, rain or perspiration. The mousse of cream makes it adhere so closely and invisibly, that no one would ever dream the exquisite tint imparted is not your own natural loveliness.

Only 1/- a box. Double size 1/6.

The DEMON in the Bathroom

IT was a cake of soap that caused the tragedy. The bather stepped on its slippery surface and crashed backwards, his injuries proving fatal. Being a registered reader, his widow, Mrs. Smith, of 58, Alexandra Road, Ynysddu, has now received a cheque for £100 paid under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance.

A cake of soap! Who would ever dream that so familiar an object could be an instrument of death?

Yet one can never tell in what manner the Demon of Accident may come.

Be on your guard and at the same time register for "John Bull's" Free Insurance without delay.

If you have not yet done so, sign the forms below.

What "John Bull" Gives.

The contents of your home will be covered against FIRE up to £1,000.

Other Benefits include:—

Burglary	up to £200
Storm, Flood ...	up to £300
Home Accidents...	up to £200
Sickness	up to £10 10 0
Sports Accidents...	up to £500
Wireless Benefit (damage by Lightning)	up to £10
Children's Benefits	£3

These and other benefits are subject to

10% Bonus

in the case of readers registered for 3 months and over.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 9/4/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to "John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 9/4/32.

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

Breaking all Records

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

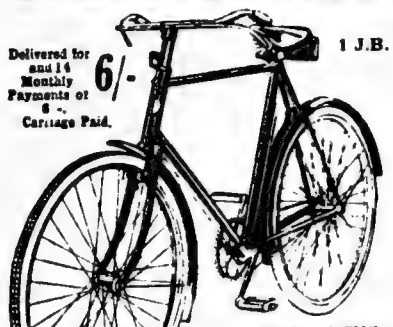
CASH THE COUPONS

SELFRIDGE'S

MEN'S CHROMIUM PLATED ROADSTER MODEL

Delivered for and 14 Monthly Payments of 6/- Carriage Paid. 6/-

1 J.B. 83.



SPECIFICATION.

FRAME of seamless steel tubing of British manufacture, parallel top tube, semi-loop, lugless brazed throughout, 22, 24 and 26 ins. WHEELS: Rims by Dunlop, fitted with Dunlop 26 in. by 1¾ in. oil retaining, ¼ in. balls, 13 in. spokes. TYRES: Dunlop Roadster, wired edges. RIMWHEELS, fitted with two full rows of ball bearings. CHAIN: Best Renold, ½ in. by ¼ in. pitch. HANDLEBARS, raised Dunlop, adjustable roller lever brakes, with patent attachment for [illegible] SADDLE: Dunlop, Swell. FINISH: frame to [illegible] with a specially durable seven coats of best Black [illegible] all bright parts [illegible] EQUIPMENT comprises Bluemel Inflator, Rear Reflector, and Tool Bag, with 4 in. Adjustable Spanner, Cone Spanner and Oiler.

CASH PRICE £3/17/6 or delivered for 6/- and 14 Monthly Payments of 6/- Carriage paid.

SELFRIDGE & Co. Ltd., Cycle Dept. 1st Floor, Oxford St., W.1

NEW HAIR Grown on BALDHEADS By Using KOTALKO

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree.

"I was practically bald," he states, "and now I have **an abundance of hair** which **my photo shows.**

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have **marvelled at the results.** Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko and who see it now are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that **I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko.**"

TEST-BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Perry Street (53 T.V.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J.B.

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

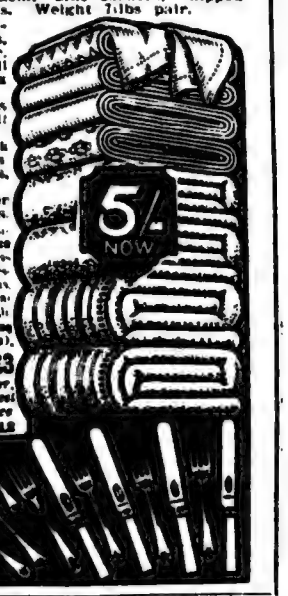
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 30ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a **16-Piece Cutlery Service.**—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

The Complete Sale (including the 16 Piece Cutlery Service). Ready for immediate Delivery, Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval. Catalogue Free

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



"Every Picture tells a Story"

Keep off the Sick List

Weak Kidneys cause Backache Rheumatism Sciatica Lumbago Urinary Disorder

CAN you afford to risk months of pain or loss of work through backache, dizziness, urinary disorders, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, bladder weakness and other symptoms of kidney weakness? Your health demands that the mischief be speedily checked—that the poisons which are upsetting the system should be removed—and the surest method is to take Doans Backache Kidney Pills. No other kidney tonic has such a remarkable record of success.

'Six Weary Years'

Mrs. F. Howard, 3, Newtown Road, Colchester, says:—"For the greater part of six years I was a cripple with rheumatism. I was in pain from head to foot—unable to walk far without assistance and often confined to bed. Even when I was up I was quite helpless and housework was out of the question. I began to get hopeless for my case seemed incurable. But Doans Backache Kidney Pills ended my despair and this splendid medicine has kept me well for sixteen years.

THREE SIZES 1/3 3/- 5/-

(*Signed*) F. HOWARD."

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

But now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

THE PROVINCES Hit Back

The new Sydney Bridge is a monument to the provincial's worth, says a reader

THE provinces are winning, not whining, for they have built the Sydney bridge, obtained engineering and textile orders from Russia, are supplying rolling-stock for South American railways, and are outselling the Americans in their own country with fountain-pens and razor-blades.

Despite fierce competition, the provincially constructed motor-car, 'bus, plough, aeroplane, ship and electrical equipment is pre-eminent, and soon their canned goods will lead the field.—*A. W., Hulme.*

Head and Limbs

The question seems to me rather a futile one.

It is as if the head took to scorning the trunk, legs and arms, and said, "We have no further use for you"; or the trunk, etc., saying, "This head is too conceited for words; we had better dispense with it."

Where the provinces win is that they manage to retain an individuality of their own.

How appalling is the prospect of the country becoming one vast "London"! Save us from that.—*R. J. S., Newport.*

Creative

It is often said that Paris is not France, being just a great show-place and festive city, while the real soul of France lies in the provinces.

So with Britain. London is the great show-place, the site of our chief monuments and public buildings, but it is in the provinces that things are done, and where the creative spirit exists.—*W. A. S., Southport.*

Talk Last

The provinces win for the very reason that Mr. R. W. Thompson condemns them—their business men.

A London business man is apt to talk a lot about what he is going to do, whereas a provincial business man produces an article first and talks later.

Is it the provincial mantelpiece minds who have made the motor-car trade England's leading industry?

To prove who have the greatest business men, make a list of England's commercial leaders, and you will be astounded at the very few Londoners among them.—*Albert Goode, Birmingham.*

No England

In these days of financial and political unrest we need those stolid, slow-going provincial characters, veritable rocks in a storm.

There are no goods manufactured that have such durability and reliability as those made in our provincial factories.

There is not a home anywhere that can compare with a provincial home, nor a welcome more hearty to it.

The prettiest girls in England are our factory-girls, beauty unadorned, not mere butterflies and night moths.

Above all, it is such provincial types that produce the "bulldog breed" on which England's future depends. If no provinces, no England.—*P. E. P., Stockton.*

Credit for All

What do we owe to the provinces? To James Watt we owe the steam-engine; Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny; Arkwright and Compton improved on it; Cartwright brought out the power-loom.

So we might go on, taking every county in England, describing what we owe to each, leaving the Capital resting for its merits on what it had sucked from the country generally.—*John Mullin, Moston.*

Abolish That!

No, you cannot abolish the provinces! Only a conceited young Cockney could suggest such a thing. Especially when he refers to the *remainder* of this country as "England."

Get some of the nonsense out of your head, Mr. R. W. Thompson! Understand that the provinces *are* England, and that the little corner where *you* reside doesn't matter a tinker's cuss.

The *food* you consume, your coal, clothing, furniture, cutlery, and almost all you possess, originated in some provincial "mantelpiece mind."

All that remains is the kind of rubbish your article consists of, and that would be better abolished!—*G. G., Cardiff.*

¶ *"Abolish the Provinces!" urged Mr. R. W. Thompson, the young author, in an article in "John Bull" two weeks ago. He accused the provincial of being old-fashioned and slow-witted, unimaginative and over-cautious. Here*

Our Letter Parliament

contributors reply to him and show him where the provinces hold their own—and win!

Nobody—Somebody

For years I lived in London. I was a nobody; I knew nobody.

Fate sent me to a provincial town, and I became a somebody. The parson called on me; I was invited to join societies. I had nodding acquaintance with my neighbours, friendly greetings from the tradespeople.

To me the provinces have been a kindly providence.—*B. M., St. Leonards.*

Quick Thinkers

Our railways were put into the hands of a quick-thinker at a huge salary, and 30,000 men have been dismissed and 5s. dividend paid on £100 capital.

Cable and wireless were put in the hands of a bunch of quick-thinkers, and we know the result.

Our leading shipping lines were also dealt with by the mental speed-merchants, and the least said about them the better.

When things go wrong with the provincials they throw off their coats and roll up their sleeves, while the London quick-thinkers blame the world crisis, never themselves.—*J. Barkley, N.B.*

Tall Order

When Sydney sent the order to a Middlesbrough firm, "One super-bridge, please, and we want it to stand a thousand years," the demand was met.

The men with the mantelpiece minds built the *Mauretania* on the Tyne.

And not soon shall I forget seeing several wondering American citizens being told how the police box system saved time and money and lives—the idea of a Sunderland Chief Constable, later adopted by London and the Continent.—*T. M., Sunderland.*

No Prod Needed

The provinces are pre-eminent in the solid British virtues—forethought, decisiveness and bulldog tenacity. It has yet to be proved that they are lacking in daring brilliance and inventive genius.

Did anyone ever have to wait while Nelson, Clive, Wolfe laboriously forced their provincial minds to think?

Where would industry be but for the "slow, careful minds" of Crompton, Arkwright and Watt? Was Shakespeare's a "mantelpiece intelligence"?

To-day, some of the foremost men in big business—Austin, Morris, Cadbury—are provincials.—*J. B., Harwich.*

Jewish Scorn

Two thousand years ago, in their capital city, Jewish scholars held the same opinion of the provinces as that held by Mr. R. W. Thompson.

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" scornfully asked Nathanael, when hearing of a new and strange prophet who had arisen in those despised regions.

That Provincial proved to be the Son of God and Saviour of Mankind.—*D. Gilbert-Smith, Staffs.*

* * *

London is the "big show," but its "stars," stage hands and chorus come from little towns way back in the counties.—*A. W., Daybrook.*

The London County Council cannot make its trams pay, but many provincial municipalities run efficient services that show a profit.—*H. Lea, Sussex.*

London will still lead because provincial men are its leaders.—"*Ex-Provincial,*" *Wembley.*

Provincial dialect may be broad, but the provincial mind is broader.—*L. J. W., Balsall Heath.*

The provinces turn out what they know is best; the towns what the customer thinks is best.—*E. J. King, London, W.*

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

"The Thriller": — "Together they tried to bring him back to 'unconsciousness.'"

IRISH TIMES:—"The award of the King's Champion Challenge Cup for the best thoroughbred LION was the chief event."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Grandfather's TWENTY-FIRST birthday.—Mr. ——, who celebrated his TWENTY-FIRST birthday today, has eleven children living, five of whom have celebrated their silver-wedding anniversaries."

GEM LIBRARY:—"The teeth were bared, and, with a SOUNDLESS cry, the man lunged forward."

EVENING EXPRESS (Liverpool):—"The girl's mother said her daughter had given NO TROUBLE SINCE SHE DISAPPEARED FROM HOME A FORTNIGHT AGO."

MEAT TRADES' JOURNAL:—"Alderman —— also referred to the need for co-operation in the task of EXTERMINATING the warble fly and the Federation's Mutual Insurance Scheme."

THE AMMAN VALLEY CHRONICLE AND EAST CARMARTHEN NEWS:—"The deceased was a highly respected local resident INTERMITTENTLY all his life."

THE CHESHIRE OBSERVER:—"He was very fortunate he DID kill the boy."

DAILY MAIL:—"In this magnificent ten volume TOME."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 12

The Funniest Thing that Happened to Me

RUGS GIVEN AWAY FREE

Handsome RUG to Match with every BRUSSELETTE CARPET!

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull."

On receipt of P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" BRUSSELETTE

CARPETS

Woven without Seam. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Brown, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome rug to match.

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains **9/6**

New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselettes) in all sizes: also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., free by return of post.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodsley Road, LEEDS.

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies or gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.

(482D) 274, Deansgate, Manchester. (482D) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society. (Please write plainly).

.....

Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

Herbs will cure all Your ills

You need never despair of a cure. There is a remedy in Nature's storehouse for every ill from which you suffer.

FREE BOOK packed with valuable herbal prescriptions and recipes which have cured hundreds, and full information on the treatment of ill-health, and the value of simple Herbs—Nature's own Remedy. It is a Home Health Guide, which saves doctors' bills and enables you to keep healthy and full of vitality—a gold-mine of essential information. Whatever your health trouble, you will find it dealt with here. You need never despair. Write for a copy of this splendid 112-page Book, containing many illustrations and diagrams. It is Free to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.

J. ROBINSON & SONS.

4, Kurem House, Bradford

£1,300

Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 158

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £416 13s. 4d. will be despatched:—

H. Bolton, Rosewood, Gerrards Cross.

Mrs. Lawrenson, 14, Rose Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

Mrs. E. Seccombe, 109, Woodhall Avenue, Bradford.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 19th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 42 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 3s. 10d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a week on Page 36. Try Your Skill Now!

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU 4,500 GUINEAS

ON PAGE 39

The Leader

2D EVERY MONDAY ALL NEWSAGENTS

OFFERS YOU BEST ADVICE ON

How to win it!

COMPETITORS entering "John Bull's" mammoth "Bullet" offer will find more advice and assistance in THE LEADER than in any other competition-solving paper. No other publication devotes anywhere near as much space to literary contests or provides its readers with a more comprehensive service

—that's why Readers of 'THE LEADER' have won

8 OUT OF 10
"BULLETS" FIRSTS THIS YEAR

following

35 OUT OF 46
"BULLETS" FIRSTS LAST YEAR

EACH of the examples in the current Bullets offer is analysed in this week's issue of THE LEADER. Competitors are provided with likely thoughts and examples of specimen lines. Ideas likely to be duplicated are also indicated.

Another useful feature is that of criticising all recent winning lines, in order to point out why they met the judge's eye and the skilful points in their construction. A great deal of valuable information can be obtained from these notes.

Competitors are also provided with further coupons for Bullets and with which many first prizes have been won.

These three features appear in every week's issue of—

The Leader

Once you have seen a copy of THE LEADER you will realise how indispensable it is to every serious-minded competitor. Solutions are given for every current picture puzzle and crossword competition; whilst, in many cases, competitors are provided with additional coupons which they may use.

Remember, you must have THE LEADER!

SOLD EVERYWHERE - 2D.

SELLS MORE THAN ALL RIVALS ADDED TOGETHER

New Way to Banish Ugly Hair

Sensational Discovery of British Scientist

Men detest superfluous hair. They never find a woman attractive who suffers from it To-day, in three minutes, you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair, and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. No dangerous and nasty smelling pastes—no painful electric needles no razor, which only makes the hair grow thicker.

Wenio-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British chemist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenio-White is now contained in the NEW VEET—a white cream guaranteed 100% pure. As easy to apply as a face cream, and delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET

FREE: By special arrangements with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenio-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 324) Cunard Rd., Chase Estate, London N.W.10

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it Now. (Prescription No. 1168/T).** Prices 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Leading chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

CATARRH

Banish Catarrh at once! A touch of "Nostroline" gives instant relief. Clears head, stops discharge, soothes soreness. Pleasant, safe. Try it if Deaf, also for Head Noises. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J.70 Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

'Puritan Salts' for Constipation, 6d. per box at Chemists

LIFE PENSION FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £1,250 CASH

THE LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID SHOULD PRIZE BE DIVIDED

£50 EXTRA FOR RUNNERS-UP

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

3 Times Running

"John Bull's" great X-word Prize has been won outright!

One winner, Mr. W. Pulham, 27, Trinity Road, Liscard, Wallasey, was attracted to the Competition because of the new and unusual clues—have you noticed them yourself?

Study closely the clues below, fill up the squares and your entry may make you rich for life!

ENTER BY APRIL 14 FOR THIS ENORMOUS PRIZE!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 21st, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 28th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, April 14th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, April 28th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, May 10th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

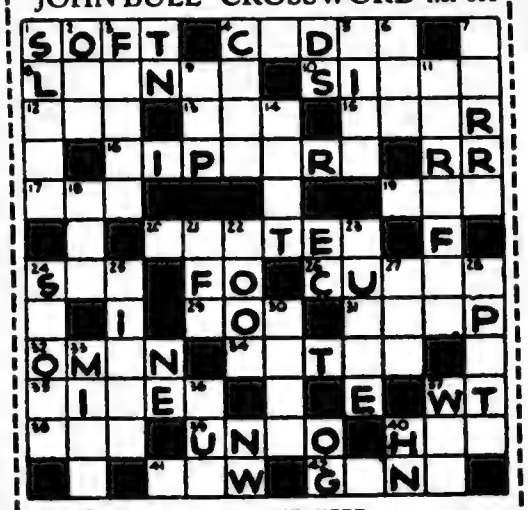
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. **With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.** (See Rule 1.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 159

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 159 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 161



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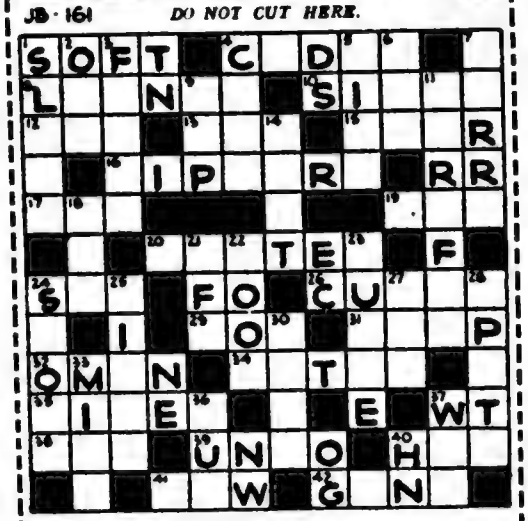


JB·161

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

RESULT OF X-WORD COMPETITION NO. 158 APPEARS ON PAGE 35.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Opposite of "hard."
4. Sailor gets tea from this.
8. Send ship into water.
10. Attack by encircling army.
12. Container for heating liquid.
13. Atmosphere.
15. Two.
16. Mother gets them ready for meals.
17. He gets shot during war.
19. It brings light.
20. He handles parcels daily.
24. Pig-house.
26. Ends of sleeves.
29. Chain with seal.
31. Look slyly.
32. Sign of future event.
34. Entertained.
35. Made angry.
38. Finish.
39. To.
40. Belonging to him.
41. A few words.
42. Often figures in fight.

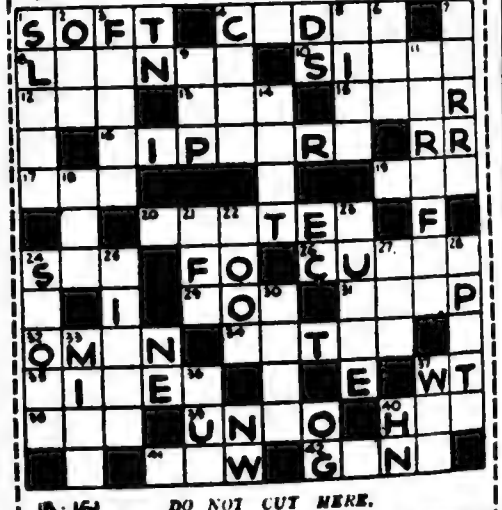
CLUES DOWN.

1. These reproach us.
2. Implement for rowing.
3. A shock may make you feel this.
4. Splinter of wood.
5. Road does into valley.
6. Another form of "yes."
7. Is associated with Christmas.
9. Worn on the head.
11. Long-necked animal.
14. You get home for this.
18. Potatoes are put into this.
21. Away from.
22. Covering to a building.
23. Indian coin.
24. Bathing costumes displayed here.
25. Give way.
27. Gave food to.
28. Rain sometimes falls in these.
30. Hard work leaves you this.
33. Gives one sauce.
36. Duet.
37. False hair.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, April 14.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 161



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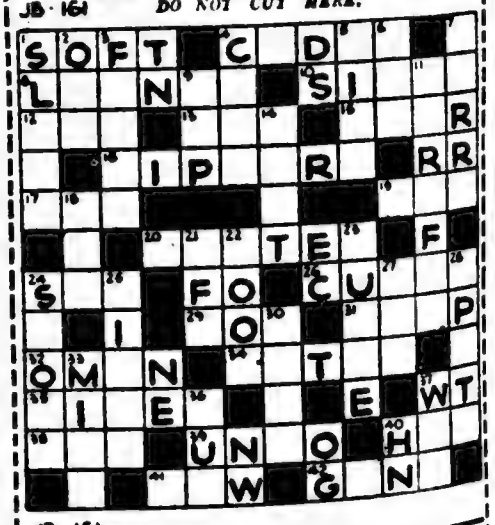


JB·161

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 161), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

A Little Loving Kindness for ADAMSON

S F. (Paisley).—"Don't jazz tunes make you tired?" No, they keep us awake.

ERIC (Battersea).—"Man's life is all toil." And women's is all toilet.

E. T. (Beverley).—"Can one put the politicians of to-day beside those of the past?" Unfortunately, no.

V. M. (Godalming).—"Will aeroplane flights soon be cheaper?" Yes, the cost of going up is coming down.

L. M. (Rochester).—"It was an apple that caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden." And a green pair.

MISS B (Hounslow). — "Breach of promise cases are increasing rapidly." Some of our M.P.s had better look out.

PRO. (Highbury).—"More than once a fluke goal has won a team the Cup." Pot luck, eh?

MANUFACTURER (Birmingham). — "The piano to-day is fighting for its existence." With its back to the wall.

C. H. (Chicago).—"You English people can't see a joke." But television will soon be here.

D. R. B. (Glasgow).—"A woman's face used to be her fortune." Nowadays it's the beauty specialist's fortune.

H. P. (Oundle).—"I don't know what the modern young man is driving at." Mostly at about seventy miles an hour.

CORA (Higham).—"Is it true that man sprang from a huge baboon?" Well, wouldn't you?

BOB (Kearsley).—"Why are so many film actresses platinum blondes?" Those whom the gods love dye young.

JIM (Penge).—"What should I do when a neighbour sends a child to borrow a corkscrew?" Take it to him yourself.

O. H. (Finchley).—"I like a fresh-complexioned girl." Most of them are at least twice a day.

W. S. (Herne Bay).—"Pay your income-tax with a smile." We would do so gladly; but our collector prefers us to pay it with a cheque.

JACK (Taunton).—"Where can a man go nowadays and be quite free from women?" In a non-smoking compartment of a railway train.

SCIENTIST (Berlin).—"We are to make another attempt to split the atom." Why not mark it "Fragile" and send it by rail?

J. S. (Aberdeen).—"Can you guess what I said when the jeweller offered me £20 for some old trinkets?" We suppose you asked him to pay you in gold.

OVER SEVENTY (Bourne End).—"What do you think I have learned about the many women I have met during my life?" Nothing.

P. H. (Lincoln).—"What does the average schoolboy stand for?" Probably because he has just had an interview with the headmaster.

PUBLICAN (Walsall).—"In the event of cheaper beer I can assure you the strength will not be affected." We thought there was a catch in it.

C. Y. (Totnes).—"Where can one find a man nowadays who is head and shoulders above his fellows?" In front of us at the theatre.

TOM (Oakham).—"What can I say to a girl who says I'm too young to marry?" That you'll age rapidly when you have to pay her bills.

S. W. (Rayleigh).—"In what State is Hollywood?" In a terrible state.

M. N. (Grays).—"What do you consider the most difficult card trick?" How to get out of making a fourth at bridge.

E. P. (Maidstone).—"Many women seem to become younger every day." And it takes them most of the day to do it.

H. K. (Yeovil).—"How can I find out what she really thinks of me?" Marry her.

EVE (Watford).—"My face is my fortune." Never mind. Rich people are not always the happiest.

D. K. (Dorking).—"The oldest inhabitant of a village is always a man." Of course. A woman wouldn't admit it.

S. M. (Leeds).—"I am able to correctly speak five different languages." When are you going to tackle English?

M. J. (Hove).—"What is at the back of those annoying traffic blocks in London?" Our car, usually.

S. S. (Saltash).—"There are some funny people in this world." And they all seem to write to us.

F. W. (Norwood).—"Face powder often catches a man." But it's the baking-powder that keeps him.

T. M. (Hull).—"I may be candid, but I do not believe in being spiteful." Then why register the letters you send us?

W. A. (Nelson).—"Is there any truth in the rumour that at Hollywood they are going to turn some of Shakespeare's plays into pictures, but with new titles?" We shouldn't be surprised. And no doubt new stories will be provided as well.

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

J. S. (Oxted).—"I am convinced that animals have a strong sense of humour and often laugh." Well, many human beings give them ample cause to do so.

A. M. (Peterborough).—"When shall we reach final perfection in the motor-car?" When it can be made fool-in-the-other-car-proof.

P. P. (Ayr).—"Don't you think commercial travellers are as a rule too independent?" We've noticed that some don't take orders from anyone.

J. F. (Weybridge).—"Is it true that eggs are rich in iron?" Most of the home-made cakes we have tasted support this view.

N. V. (Guildford).—"What makes so many golfers bad tempered." Golf.

R. S (Eccles).—"I had my voice tested for the talkies, but failed." Great Scot! It must be bad.

G T. (Colne).—"Can bad-tempered people be soothed by massage?" Providing you don't rub them the wrong way.

T. W. (Bow).—"Do costermongers make a lot of money?" Well, they always do a roaring trade

P. J. (Netley).—"Why should my girl object so strongly to my growing a beard?" Probably she feels it very much.

J. K. (Hemsworth).—"There are mistakes in cookery books." Yes, we've tasted them.

M. G. (Langford).—"Are you aware that the average woman uses only about 500 words?" Yes, it's a small stock, but think of the turnover!

L. B (Sudbury).—"Can one tell whether a woman's clothes are expensive by the look of her?" No, but one often can by the look of her husband.

M. B (Rochester).—"Ought not shelters to be provided for those who form all-night theatre queues?" They are—homes for the mentally afflicted.

S. L. (Enfield).—"I have left in my will a sum of money for the posthumous publication of my memoirs." We wish you good health and a long life.

W. L. (Wembley).—"I am anxious, as I think I may one day lose my reasoning faculty." Don't allow a trifle like that to alarm you.

J. H. (York).—"I have not been the same man since Christmas." Congratulations

W. C. (Clapham).—"I usually get rid of a headache by writing letters." Yes, you transferred one to us with that which you sent us.

R. D. (Hull).—"A scientist says that the world will last another trillion years." That should be just about long enough for prosperity to get around that corner.

G. S. C. (Leeds).—"The only prize I've ever had was a book for punctuality." Well, don't be late for *Bullets* Record Offer closing on April 16—a coupon from page 39 may bring you a cheque-book backed by £4,750.

Tortured (Carlisle).—"Can you imagine anything more trying than having a corn on each foot?" Yes! A foot on each corn.

MRS. W. (Manchester).—"Selections were played on an electric gramophone during our Mothers' Union meeting." But, no doubt, only the person who switched it on was aware of the fact.

ZOOLOGIST (London, N.).—"Orang-outangs delight in chewing rubber." We should like to point out to the butcher who supplies our Sunday joint that we are not an orang-outang.

PAT (Abingdon). — "Do you consider criminals have any comfort in prison?" Well, they don't have to get up in the middle of the night to see if the front door is locked.

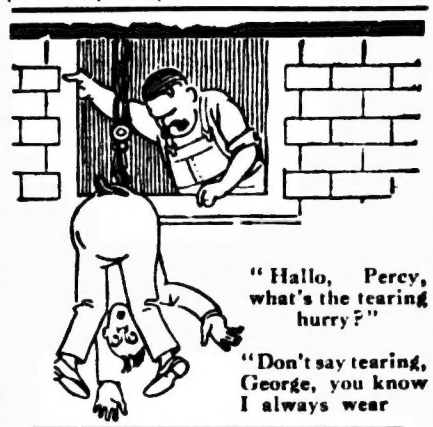
O. J. (Oakham).—"Is it true that there are intelligent beings in Mars who are doing everything possible to reach the earth?" Well, both statements can't be correct.

N. E. (Leeds).—"Is it possible to get a foam bath in this country?" You can get one in London whenever you care to tender a 'bus conductor a pound note for a penny fare.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

EAT A HEARTY MEAL —AND ENJOY IT!

Why not? All that pain and flatulence you get after eating a good meal is simply the result of harmful acid at work in the stomach. It creates a state of fermentation which will continue to exist only so long as you allow it to. You can get rid of the acid, fermentation and discomfort at once by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which costs but 1s. 3d. a package. Thousands who suffered for years from such troubles as indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and acidity and could find no relief have taken 'Bisurated' Magnesia on medical advice, and have found their troubles go instantly, to return no more. Such cases are not isolated or unusual ones, for 'Bisurated' Magnesia succeeds in practically every instance.



"Hallo, Percy, what's the tearing hurry?"

"Don't say tearing, George, you know I always wear

BOLENIUMS
THE SUPER OVERALLS THAT
NEVER LET YOU DOWN

Worn by the man who knows. Stronger where the strain comes. **6/6** BIB & BRACE Toughest of the tough, smartly cut, all seams double sewn.

Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct to:

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
(Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13.

WHY DO MEN LOSE VIGOUR?

There comes a time for every man when he finds he is losing his grip of things. It gets harder to work and to concentrate. You find it more and more difficult to make decisions. Pleasures of all sorts give you less satisfaction, tire you more easily.

That's because the strain and stress of modern life wear out your reserves too quickly. The ordinary things you eat and drink do not provide enough to keep you going. Yet there is one very pleasant way to make up the deficiency without indulging in drugs or medicines.

Just try the effect of a glass or two of Wincarnis! Wincarnis is simply the purest of fine wine with all its bouquet and aroma, combined with the best beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It provides the stimulant you require as well as the vigour-creating powers needed to restore your energy. It soothes jaded nerves, ensures quiet, restful sleep, brings new life to the sick and the aged, new vitality to all who are worn out or run down.

Try it to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3
MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

7/9 NOW

DUNLOP MAGNUM ROADSTER TYRES, WIDER EDGES.
STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined, (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Model, same price **£5.16.3**

Terms: Send 7/9 now, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9 Fullest Approval. CATALOGUE FREE

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Get Rid of Acidity

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A *rational* and *safe* means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary ant-acid preparations, and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to their remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention "John Bull," and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

TO ALL MODERN GIRLS,

You Must Be at Your Best.

Even the detractors of the modern girl readily admit that in one respect at least she is in advance of her forebears. She is splendidly virile, and health and fitness are to her of paramount importance.

The modern girl knows that to look at her best she must be fit. She realises that when she is run-down she loses some of her attractiveness. She is less vivacious, and friends remark on her lack of spirits. When a girl gets into this state she should beware of anæmia, with its langaor, its headaches and backaches, and the danger it brings in its train.

At the first sign of anæmia you should take Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills quickly restore the tinge of health to the cheeks and give the sparkling eyes and high spirits that are the signs of perfect health. Thousands of run-down, anæmic girls have found new health in Dr. Williams' pink pills because they create new rich blood—the only thing that will banish anæmia.

Make yourself spendidly fit by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills, and so look your very best at all times.

FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. E. Department, 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Cuticura Healed Scalp Trouble On Nine Months Old Baby

"The trouble first started when my son was nine months old. His head broke out in several places. It kept getting worse and turned into large, dry, scaly patches. They were of a burning and itching nature, and I lost hours of sleep with him. His hair fell out badly. He had the trouble for fifteen months.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more, and after using five tins of Cuticura Ointment and four tablets of Cuticura Soap I am pleased to say that he is completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. E. Barton, 8, Firth St., Newtown, Leeds, Eng.

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear, sweet skin, soft, smooth hands, and a healthy scalp with good hair. A world-famous and dependable treatment for the skin and hair. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 842

FIRST PRIZE, £300 AND RADIO SET.

Mr. A. E. BABINGTON, 7, Second Avenue, Garston, Watford, Herts.
Example: FIRST LOVE
Bullet: "EMBRACES" ALL THAT'S WONDERFUL.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 AND RADIO:

Mrs. M. JENNINGS, 549, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.
Example:—Although I'm Poor
Bullet:—Hope's Cheap As Despair.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 AND RADIO:

Mr. H. COATES, 18, Loverseed Terrace, Union Road, Nottingham.
Example:—Glitter Of Steel
Bullet:—Subdued As Understanding "Gleams."

10 OF £5 AND RADIO:

W. ABBOTT, 51, Morgan Road, Bromley.
Desert Island—Give Me, Given Her!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. H. BRANTON, Heath Road, Leighton Buzzard.
Although I'm Poor—Thankful Nerves Aren't "Ragged."

G. A. GREEN, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford.
We're Spring-cleaning, So—Windows Open—Atmosphere "Heated."

W. F. JANES, 8, Grahamstown Road, Sedbury, Chepstow.
Attractive — Footplate — Football — Footlights—Footstool.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. V. JENKINS, 4, Haywood Road, Bromley.
On The Voyage—Mrs. Grundy "Goes Overboard."

H. KING, 53, Fitzroy Street, Ashton-u-Lyne.
It's A Long Way, But—Love Along Way Helps.

H. LOUGHTON, 83, Henderson Avenue, Scunthorpe.
First Love—Work—*Brings* Him "Bouquets."

J. LYON, Adam Street, Falkirk.
Ship's Parrot—But She's "Pilot," Too.

L. W. STEELE, 16, Park Terrace, Southend-on-Sea.
Ship's Parrot—Forgets Ship's A "Lady."

Miss F. WILLIAMS, 129, Rosebery Street, Manchester.
The New Fashion — Publican Minus Gold Chain.

10 OF £2 10s. AND RADIO:

J. COOKE, Barnfield, Hathersage, Sheffield.
Proudly—Grandfather Suffers From Toothache.

S. FORGE, 5e, Lewis Trust Buildings, Chelsea.
They're So Devoted That—"You're Tight, Poor Darling!"

J. GREEN, 52, Gerald Street, Newcastle.
Fresh Hope—Germany's Old Hope—Hindenburg.

A. HUGHES, 4/22, Pigott Street, Birmingham.
If Taxes Were Halved—And Professors Were Collectors!

D. KERR, 158, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.
Cutting Up Rough — Baby, Over Teeth's "Price."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. LAMBLEY, Oak Villas, Morton, Nr. Alfreton.
The New Fashion—Wonderful—Till Windows Full.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. POWLEY, "Kia-ora," Dearsley Lane, East Bergholt, Colchester.
Stirring Appeal—If *I* Enlist Again.

Mrs. E. ROBINSON, 5, Bridge End, Bedlington Colliery, Northumberland.
When Father's Painting — He's Like Raging *Leopard*.

R. TURNER, 45, Kingsman Street, Woolwich, London, S.E.
Raising The Standard—Campbell—Risking "Half-Mast."

F. WHITING, 18, Seymour Street, Northampton.
Shadow Of Suspicion — Deepens With Counsel's "Brilliance."

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

£100 BONUS PAID

OF the twenty-five published prize-winners in Competition No. 841, eighteen were eligible to share in the £100 Bonus offered to registered readers of *Bullets Bulletin*.

Accordingly, the following winners, whose addresses appeared last week, have each received a cheque for £5 11s. 2d.:—Mrs M. M. Denham, F. Pell, Mrs. K. M. White, W. M. Lewis, D. MacClellan, J. Neale, F. J. Powell, C. J. Shannon, Mrs. H. Crossley, H. Gofton, L. Jones, Miss E. Maunder, A. McGregor, T. M. Michell, F. Smith, Mrs. M. E. Smith, H. Urquhart, P. G. H. Woodruff.

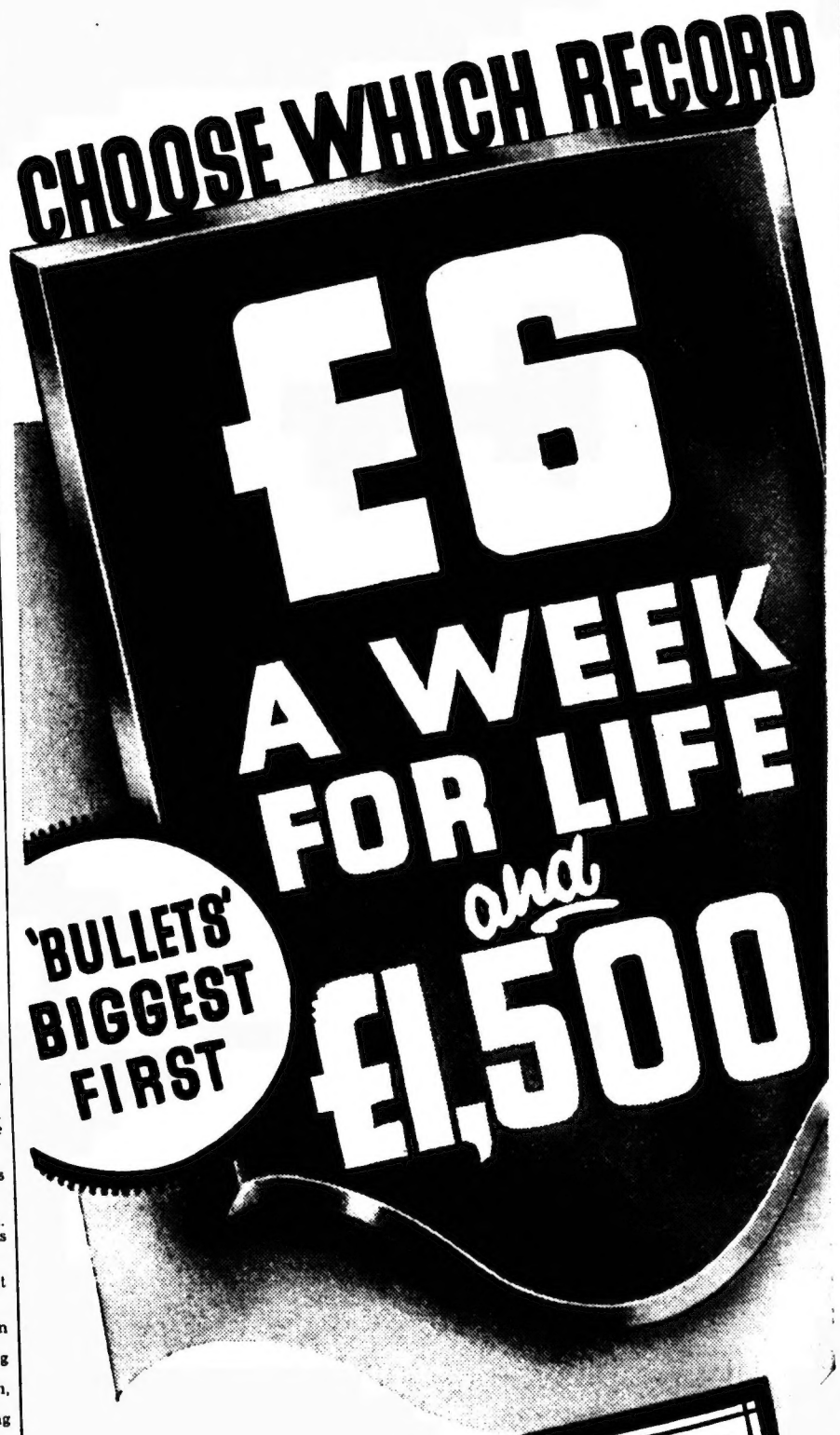
FREE HELP BRINGS £1,250

The eighteen competitors mentioned above took a wise course when they registered for a weekly copy of *Bullets Bulletin*, the free help to the prize-list which you can receive every Thursday.

"The construction of my winning line originated from an article in *Bullets Bulletin* No. 164," writes Mr. A. E. Denham, 19, Green Lane, Copnor, Portsmouth, who, in his wife's name, won the First Prize of £1,250 in Competition No. 841.

Let *Bullets Bulletin* help you to acquire the winning style. Complete the coupon here and so secure your free copy of *Bullets Bulletin* regularly every Thursday for twelve weeks.

The original cheque for £1,250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 841 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Holden, Post Office, London Road, Hilsea, Portsmouth.



THE closing date of the biggest *Bullets* offer ever known is speedily approaching. Only a few days now remain for you to capture JOHN BULL'S Record First Prize of £6 a Week for Life and £1,500 cash—or, if you prefer it, the colossal lump sum of 4,500 Guineas.

Pause a few minutes and think what this staggering reward for a few words would mean to you. Consider which prize you would choose and all the joys it would bring to you and your family.

Within the next half-hour somebody who reads the instructions on the next page may be writing a few words which will carry off a prize without parallel in *Bullets* history. Why shouldn't your name be upon that coupon—and upon JOHN BULL'S telegram of congratulation on April 29?

Until the closing date, Saturday, April 16, you have the glorious prospect of complete independence for life to spur you to make *Bullets*—begin this evening!

HURRY WITH YOUR ENTRY

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. No..... value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

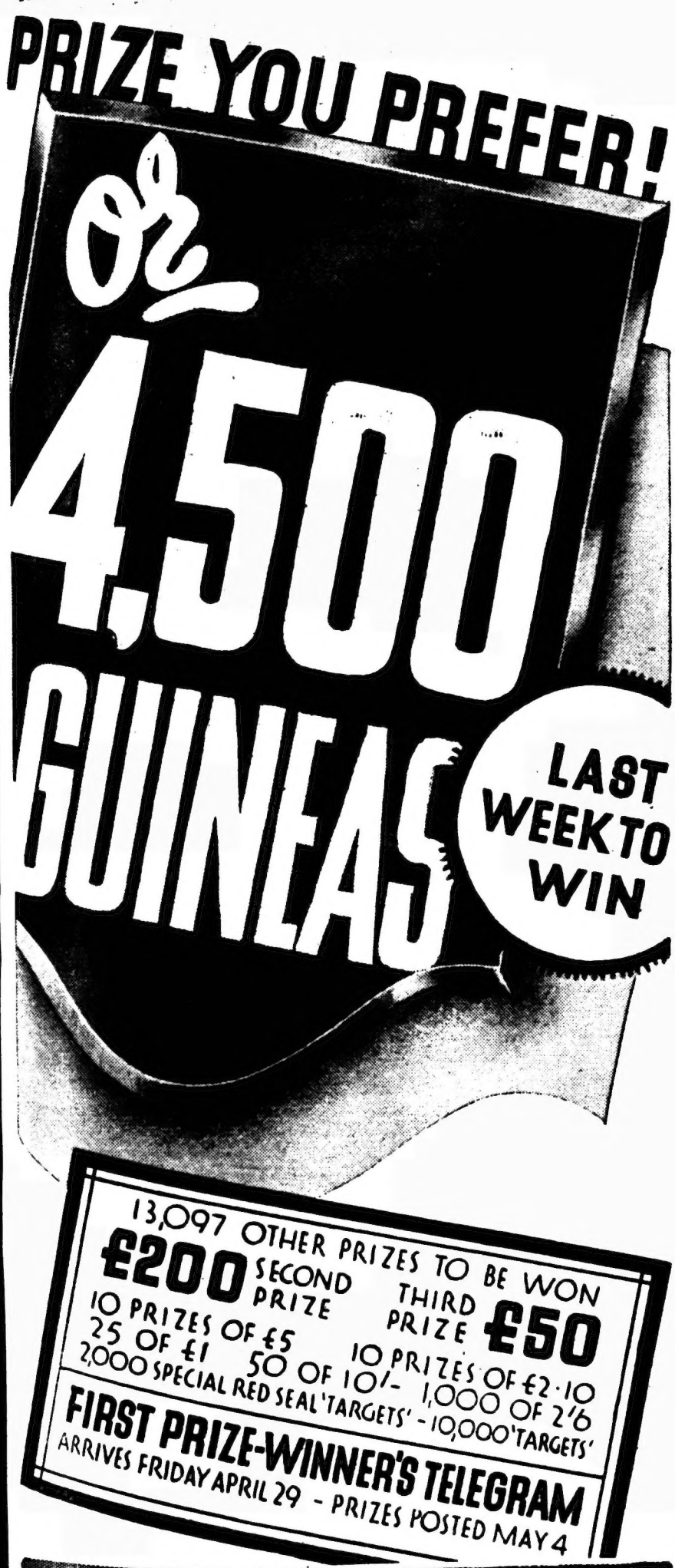
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry

Address to:—"BULLETS" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.



CLOSING SAT. APRIL 16

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co./". Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEXT WEEK'S SENSATION **100 BIG CHEQUES!**

HOW TO WIN "BULLETS" BIGGEST EVER!

EACH of the forty *Examples* below has its varied possibilities, and any of the rough ideas you jot down as you consider them may be developed into a *Bullet* worth £6 a Week for Life and £1,500—or 4,500 Guineas.

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet* you have only to polish one of these ideas into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up aptly with the *Example* chosen and form a telling comment.

Suppose, for illustration, you choose the *Example* OUR RECORD, the added words AND CAMPBELL, FORTUNATELY "UNSCRATCHED," would complete a *Bullet*.

Before starting on your own efforts study the *Bullets* below; they have brought thousands of pounds in First Prizes to the senders and show you that this week's monster prize is well within your reach.

STOPPED—MY OUTING'S, CHANCELLOR'S "DRIVE."
AT THE PITHEAD—FOR VALOUR—"THANKS, MATE!"
AIRY NOTHINGS—NO WONDER PEACE SHIVERS.

Having absorbed these winners, turn to the previous page and study those published this week. You are then all ready to begin making *Bullets*, entering your efforts on the coupons on this page by Saturday, April 16. It is now or never if you want to be the winner—make it *now!*

MAKE YOUR "BULLETS" FROM THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S HOME	THE MASTER	SPEED
OUR RECORD	TURNING TO	TO REFORM HIM
GROWING INDUSTRY	LOVESICK MAID	THANKS TO THE CHANCELLOR
SICK WORLD	DARING	HEALTH AND WEALTH
IF WE WANT PEACE	FOR GOLD	WHAT SHE'S WAITING FOR
ARMAMENTS RACE	MUMMY AND DADDY	THROWING MONEY AWAY
SILLY	LIKE ME	IN NATURE'S KINGDOM
STILL UNEMPLOYED	POPULAR PASTIME	HE FELL ASLEEP AND
NOT QUITE	DESCRIBES HER	IN LIFE'S SPRINGTIME
MARRIED BLISS	OVERDOING IT	HE'S OUR M.P., BUT
HIS WIDOW	THE VILLAGERS	IF FATHER WERE PREMIER
SWALLOWS	AT SEA	WOMEN OF THE FUTURE
WISE MOVE	LEAVING	
QUIETLY	TO SOCIETY	

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of Postal Order.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(845) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Address_____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(845) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(845) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(845) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 13 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

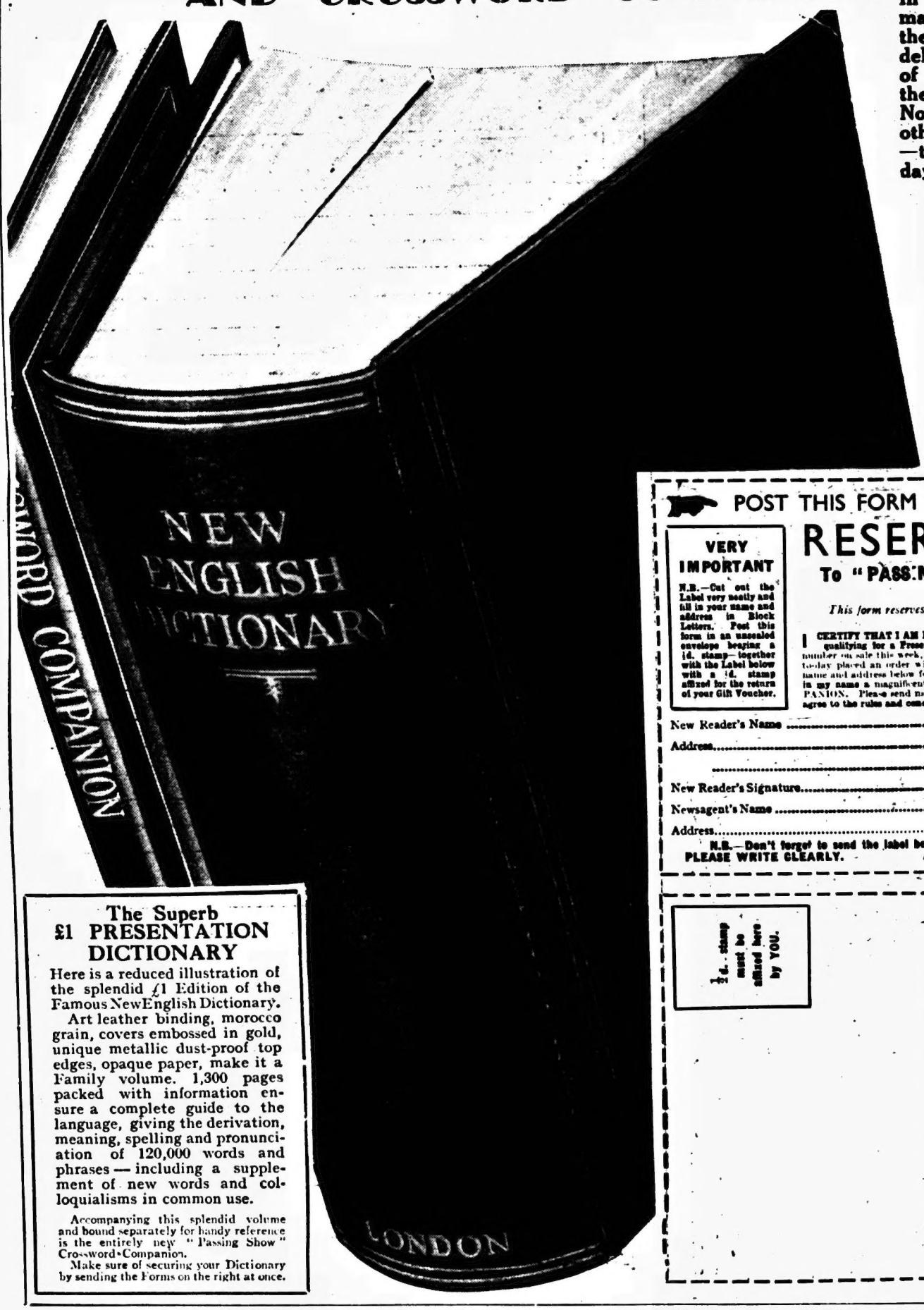
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(845) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(845) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Apr. 16 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. — Address_____

Address Entry :—"Bullets" No. 845, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

To Introduce the New "Passing Show"

We ask you to accept this magnificent £1 PRESENTATION DICTIONARY AND CROSSWORD COMPANION



THE demand for the NEW "Passing Show," containing the amazing offer of a £1 Presentation Dictionary and Crossword Companion, was so tremendous that thousands were unable to secure a copy. Rather than disappoint anyone, the "Passing Show" has decided to give readers of this paper one more opportunity to secure the magnificent £1 Presentation Dictionary. This unprecedented offer is extended for a few days only.

In order that a Presentation Dictionary may be reserved in your name, fill in the Reservation Form below without delay and at the same time make sure of the New "Passing Show" by handing the Order Form to your newsagent. No. 3 is out on Friday—get it at once—otherwise you will be too late! Remember—the Forms below are available for TEN days only.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

Presentation Dictionaries will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers sent to approved applicants upon receipt of the Reservation Form and special label below.

A reservation form must be sent in by applicant.

No person may qualify for more than one Dictionary and no Dictionary will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of the "Passing Show" must be paid for in the ordinary way.

Applicants are asked to affix to their Gift Vouchers thirteen consecutive numbers cut from the bottom left corner of the back cover of the New "Passing Show," commencing with the current issue.

When your Gift Voucher is complete—that is after having taken the "Passing Show" for a period of thirteen weeks, you are asked to send a P.O. for 2/9, which includes the cost of carriage, packing and insurance and the separate Crossword Companion which accompanies each Dictionary.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

The Editor of the "Passing Show" may disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

Hurry! Take advantage of this great celebration offer while there is yet time. Fill in the Forms below to-day!

The Superb £1 PRESENTATION DICTIONARY

Here is a reduced illustration of the splendid £1 Edition of the Famous New English Dictionary.

Art leather binding, morocco grain, covers embossed in gold, unique metallic dust-proof top edges, opaque paper, make it a Family volume. 1,300 pages packed with information ensure a complete guide to the language, giving the derivation, meaning, spelling and pronunciation of 120,000 words and phrases — including a supplement of new words and colloquialisms in common use.

Accompanying this splendid volume and bound separately for handy reference is the entirely new "Passing Show" Crossword Companion.

Make sure of securing your Dictionary by sending the Forms on the right at once.

POST THIS FORM TO THE "PASSING SHOW"

RESERVATION FORM

To "PASSING SHOW" (Dept. J.B.1), 3, Arne Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

This form reserves in your name a magnificent £1 Presentation Dictionary and X-Word Companion.

VERY IMPORTANT

N.B.—Cut out the Label very neatly and fill in your name and address in Block Letters. Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp—together with the Label below with a ½d. stamp affixed for the return of your Gift Voucher.

I CERTIFY THAT I AM NOT at present a reader of the "Passing Show" and that I am NOT at present qualifying for a Presentation Dictionary under this scheme. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give New "Passing Show" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with my newsagent for the regular delivery of "Passing Show" and give his name and address below for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name a magnificent £1 EDITION of the New English DICTIONARY AND X-WORD COMPANION. Please send me the Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for this offer. I have read and agree to the rules and conditions as published.

New Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

New Reader's Signature .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address ..... Date .....

Checked and verified

.....

District Supervisor.

N.B.—Don't forget to send the label below bearing ½d. stamp for the return of your Gift-Voucher.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. **Available only up to first post Monday, April 18th.** J.B. 9/4/32.

½d. stamp must be affixed here by YOU.

Name .....

Address .....

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

ORDER FORM

"PASSING SHOW"

Twopence Weekly

TO .....
Name of Newsagent

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "Passing Show" for me for thirteen weeks and thereafter until further notice.

SIGNATURE .....

.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

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